The Literary Digest

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The Open Forum

Air-Planes and Autos

Sir:—Just how many air-planes are there in the United States?

I read somewhere the other day that, including Army and Navy planes, there are less than 10,000.

Automobile fatalities last year amounted to 35,000; air-plane, 200 (which I am sure is an underestimate). Assuming that there were 25,000,000 automobiles registered, automobile deaths, if in proportion to air-plane deaths, would have been 400,000.

Whenever you talk to any one "air-minded" they insist that air-plane traveling is the safest of all methods, which I don't believe.

Houston, Texas. ED PRATHER.

[Statistics as of April, 1936, reveal a total of 12,047 air-planes in the United States. These are divided as follows: Army (all serviceable types), 1,800; Navy and Marine Corps, 1,311; Coast Guard, 49; commercial (licensed), 7,205; unlicensed, 1,682. Total number of all motor-vehicles registered for 1935, according to the Automobile Manufacturers' Association, was (estimated) 26,160,000.—*Editor.*]

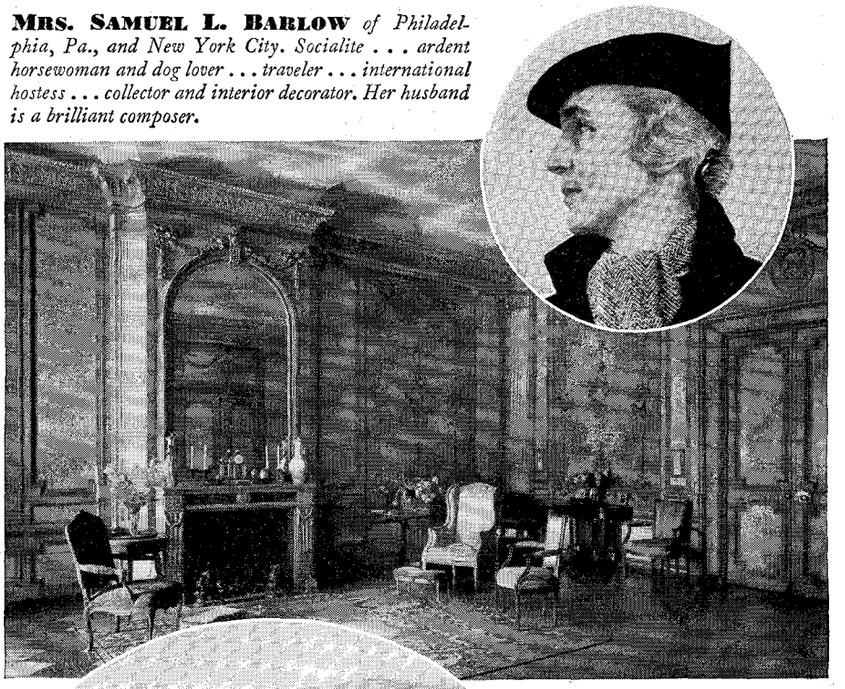
Churchgoing Hollywood

Sir:—In a recent issue there was an article entitled "Churchgoing Hollywood." It quotes the testimony of Dr. J. George Dorn, Pastor of the Hollywood Lutheran Church, in reference to the churchgoing habits of many of the motion-picture stars.

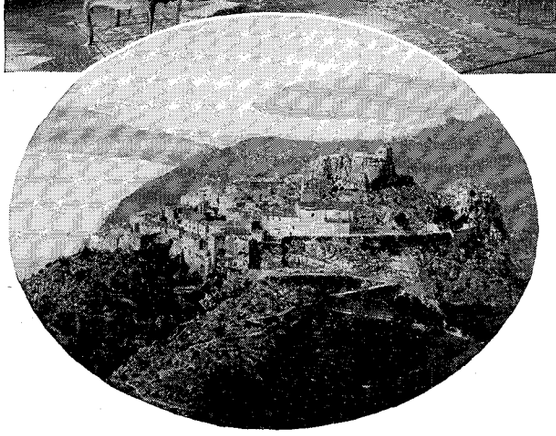
Doctor Dorn stated: "Marlene Dietrich and

(Continued on page 42)

MRS. SAMUEL L. BARLOW *of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.*



Mrs. Barlow's drawing room, in her New York City home with its rich 19th century French tapestries.



Mrs. Barlow's winter house at Eze, on the French Riviera, overlooking the Mediterranean. There has been little change since medieval times.

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS OF *Charm* AND *Distinction*

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

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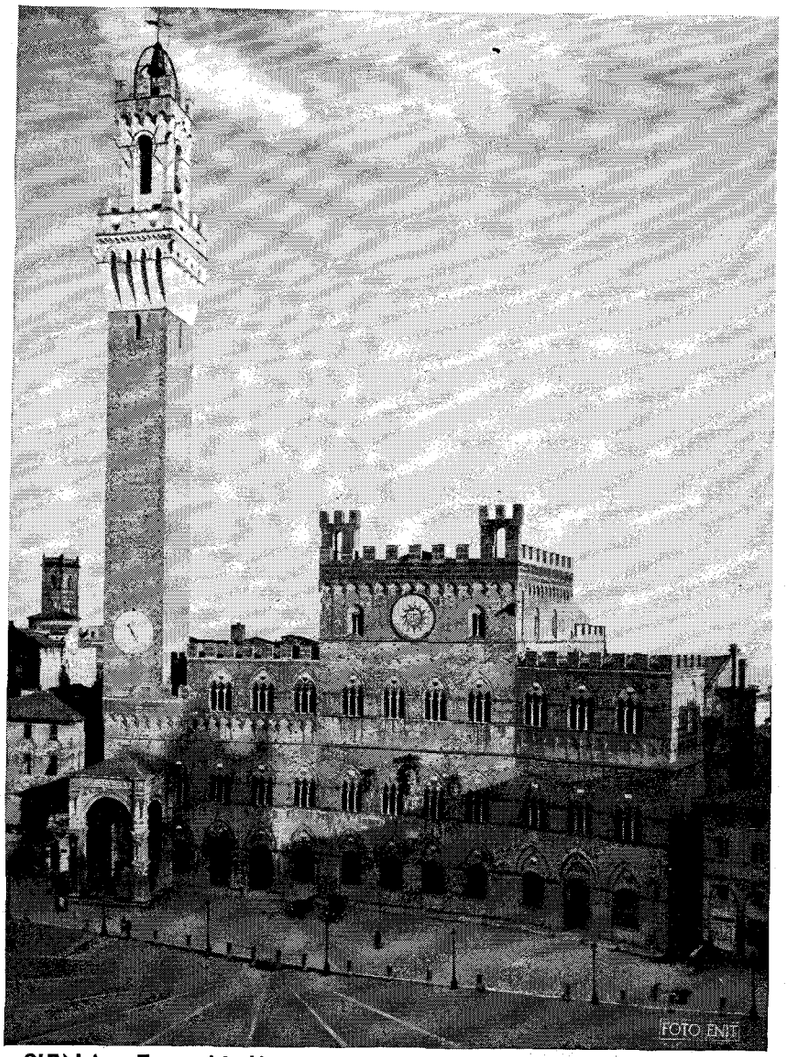

SIENA—Town Hall

See . . .

Italy

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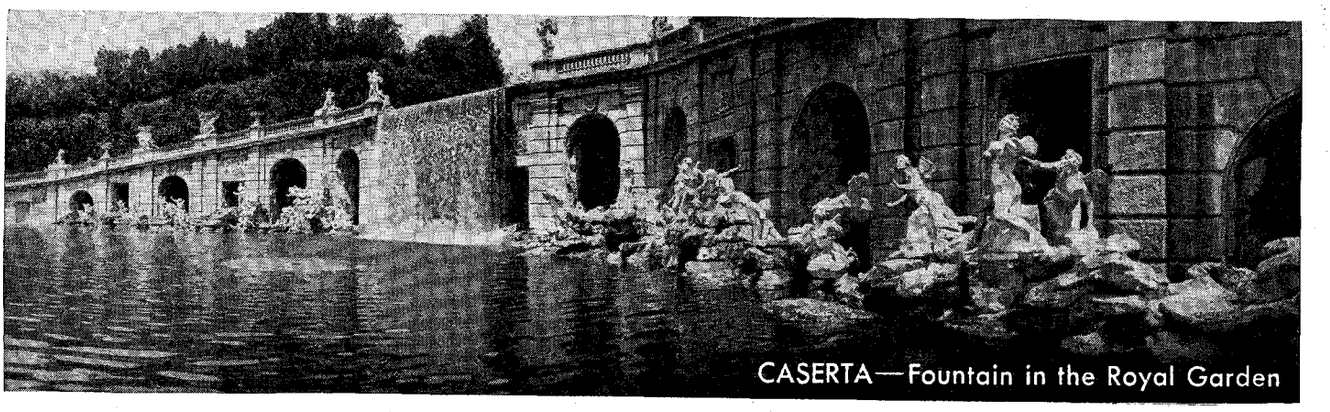
Enchanting Mountain Spots and Sunkist Sea Shores . . . . . .

Ancient Art Cities and Modern Towns . . .

Musical and Folklore Events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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK MAY 16, 1936

Topics of the day

EVER-NEARING ROUND-WORLD AIRWAY

Zeppelins, Spanning Atlantic, Bridge Gap; Pacific Hops Loom

Slanting rays of an early morning sun turned the giant German Zeppelin *Hindenburg* to rose-tinged silver. She was being trundled, tail first, into the great hangar on the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. She was landing at dawn, when dynamic lift is at its ebb.

LZ-129, to use the *Hindenburg's* official number, and her predecessor, *LZ-127,* the *Graf Zeppelin,* veteran of the South Atlantic route, have made great strides in erasing the War-time deeds of their predecessors. To-day, Zeppelins are hailed as "angels of peace," and benefactors to a world that looked on them two decades ago as messengers of death from the air.

Her nose cupped to a pyramidal mobile mooring-mast, fish-like stern hitched to an electric mule, the 803-foot *Hindenburg* inched along so serenely that few of the awed hundreds saw a trap-door amidship open. It was exactly 6:55 A.M. on Saturday, May 9, sixty-three hours and twenty-five minutes after the world's largest dirigible had left Friedrichshafen, Germany, that the first sack of mail slid down a chute into the waiting truck.

Mails First—Thirty-five minutes later, before the air-ship was docked, a trimotored transport-plane took off for Newark, New Jersey, with 2,240 pounds of mail that had traveled 4,389 miles over the Great Circle route. Envelops with blue fifty-pfennig and green seventy-five pfennig stamps, showing the *Hindenburg* in full flight over cloud-studded skies, and the simple legend *Mit LZ-129 nach Nord-amerika* across the top, will be snapped up eagerly by stamp-collectors. That ton of mail will help pay for the first flight.

Mail always goes through first. After that, the fifty-one passengers disembarked, glowingly relating how the Zeppelin sailed like a swan through a four-hour rain-squall over the North Atlantic.

Dr. William G. Beckers, American friend of Dr. Hugo Eckener, Zeppelin Company head, explained why air-ships sweep along so easily while ships below toss on the wind-whipped waves: Zeppelins are surrounded by air, ocean-liners are half in the air, half in the water. He continued:

"Everybody felt wonderful the whole way across. There was no pitching, no rolling. We had a storm with heavy rain and thunder, but we never felt a quiver. This is my thirty-second crossing of the Atlantic, but my first by air. I will never go on an old tub again."

Passengers brought another paying ton —their luggage—but there were only 3,500 pounds of freight, altho the dirigible has a pay-load capacity of 26,520 pounds. Customs officials inspected everything from cases of Rhine wine to cans of exposed motion-picture film. There was a keg of Munich beer, Savile Row clothes from London for a Hollywood actor, and a welter of small packages containing gadgets and souvenirs. There were only 500 pounds of heavy articles.

On the first of ten return flights to Germany this season, beginning Monday night, the *Hindenburg* was to carry 75,000 letters, for each of which collectors must buy forty cents in stamps. That will help greatly in paying expenses, tho a full complement of fifty passengers at $400 a head was to be aboard.

"If" Erased—With that return trip, another "if" in the history of aviation is erased. On August 9, exactly three months after the *Hindenburg's* first landing in America, it may be possible to travel around the world as a passenger on international airlines maintaining regular schedules. By that time, Pan American Airways is expected to be opening its transpacific service to passengers, altho only mails and freight are being flown now.

Such a trip will take just two weeks, cover 26,980 miles, and cost $2,472.86 (see next page). That is, nine cents and one mill a mile. Probably such a jaunt would be cheaper for a woman, than for a man, because air-lines put a thirty-five-pound limit on luggage, suit-cases included. A woman's twenty-five-pound featherweight wardrobe, after deducting ten pounds for two light suit-cases, would be:

Wool traveling-suit, two blouses, three one-piece dresses, three chiffon evening dresses, wool-crêpe suit, linen suit, camel's hair traveling-coat with fur collar, angora topcoat, two angora sweaters, two wrap-around turbans, silk knitted beret, two pairs of kid street-shoes, one pair of golf-shoes, one pair of evening slippers, dressing-gown, lingerie, five pairs of gloves, three scarfs, two handbags, stockings, and a toilet-case.

This trip begins at Newark Air-port early on Sunday evening, August 9, 1936. Fifty air-minded travelers get into "shuttle-planes" to whisk them to Lakehurst. As the late summer sun sinks in the west, four great Diesel engines start thrumming. Soon the cry "Up ship" is sung out, and the dirigible begins her fifth eastbound crossing.

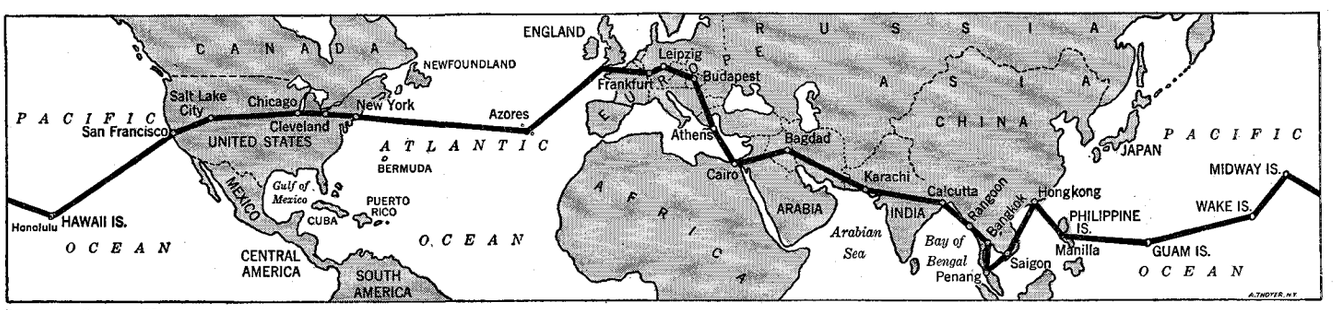
Passengers share two-berthed cabins with hot and cold running water, but, for the first few hours, probably will be found up on the V-shaped promenade in the center of the great air-cruiser, watching the shoreline vanish at eighty-one miles an hour.

Then, there's an asbestos-walled smoking-room, and a cozy cubbyhole bar for a nightcap before going to sleep in a bed as soft as one at home.

Back in the writing-room, passengers lounge in chromium-plated metal chairs, punctured with "Swiss-cheese" weight-cutting perforations. In the adjacent music-room is a leather piano with hollow aluminum legs.

Breezy Skipper—Into the writing-room saunters the brisk, bright-eyed skipper, Capt. Ernst A. Lehmann. He is playing a lively air on his accordion, mascot of two decades of Zeppelin cruises. He has made 1,500 flights in more than 100 of the 129 German dirigibles. The lilt of his accordion music suggests the easy swaying of the great air-ship in the Atlantic breeze.

The genial, friendly, modest little skipper doesn't like to talk of the Zeppelin flights he made from 1914 to 1918. He led more than one raid over London. One of his best ideas was a basket, swinging by a thousand-foot cable, and carrying



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Round-the-world route which the trail-blazing "Hindenburg" is opening up by spanning the Atlantic

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a telephone-equipped observer spotting likely targets for lethal eggs from the air-ship, hidden above the clouds.

But, on peaceful "zeps," passengers adjust themselves to a life not much different from that aboard an ocean-liner. Some essay deck-sports, others read, write, or doze. Tea, cocktails, then dinner.

Before bed-time, there's a sight to see—lights blinking on the Azores. Next day, passengers find they are flying northeast. Every one hopes to be the first to spot the breakers on the Cornish Coast.

After that, land always will be in sight—over the English Channel, France, and down to Frankfort. There, globe-trotters take a German Airways "shuttle-plane" to speed to Leipzig.

"Flying Dutchman"—Just before seven, Wednesday morning, a trimotored Royal Dutch Air Line plane roars in. It will be Sunday noon at Penang, Malaya, 7,522 miles away, when passengers finally leave the "Flying Dutchman."

The first stop is Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, the next is Budapest, where the plane refuels, then heads south across forests and abrupt mountains, cutting like saw-teeth against Balkan skies.

The plane soars over the green hills of Greece, until the travelers sight the Acropolis, gleaming white marble diadem above a modern Athens of mills and jumbled houses. But there's no time to revel in ancient Attica, for, after refueling, the plane hustles over storied Grecian isles to more ancient Egypt.

There, it halts at Alexandria and Cairo, and darts on to Gaza, in Palestine.

At Harun-al-Rashid's "Arabian Nights" Capital of Bagdad, there is a well-earned rest in a hotel.

With sunrise the air-travelers are on their magic carpet again, high above the stifling Persian Gulf, stopping at Bushire and Jask, then Karachi, where Hindustan begins. There are long, weary hours over the Sind Desert to Jodhpur, Allahabad, and a well-earned rest at teeming Calcutta.

Next morning, the passengers all but drive over natives sleeping in the streets as the car goes to the air-port. Below, the holy Ganges, rolling to the sea, splits into a many-fingered delta, while the plane swerves toward Rangoon, with its gold-encrusted Moulmein Pagoda.

Two hours from Rangoon is Bangkok, Siam's Venice, and the last stop is Penang. There, on an island off the Malay Coast, is a quick transfer to an Imperial Airways flying-boat, and take-off across the Gulf of Siam for Saigon and Tourane, French Indo-China. There is another hotel sleep

9.15 Cents a Mile

	Time	Fares and Mileage
Lv. Newark	Aug. 9, 7 P.M.	$400
Ar. Frankfort	Aug. 11, 9 P.M.	6,000 mi.
Lv. Frankfort	Aug. 11, 9:30 P.M.	$9.42
Ar. Leipzig	Aug. 11, 11 P.M.	187 mi.
Lv. Leipzig	Aug. 12, 7:15 A.M.	$754.60
Ar. Penang	Aug. 16, 12:45 A.M.	7,522 mi.
Lv. Penang	Aug. 16, 1 P.M.	$148.84
Ar. Hongkong hydroplane, 40 mi. to	Aug. 17, 7 P.M.	1,685 mi.
Macao, Lv.	Aug. 18, A.M.	$1,000
Ar. San Francisco	Aug. 22, P.M.	8,786
Lv. San Francisco	Aug. 22, 11 P.M.	$160
Ar. Newark	Aug. 23, 7 P.M.	2,760
Totals		26,980 mi. $2,472.86

Capt. Ernst A. Lehmann has made 1,500 flights in more than 100 dirigibles

before the great flying-boat spans the South China Sea to Hongkong.

Here, a hydroplane must be hired to taxi forty miles to Macao, Portuguese possession, before turning in for the night.

Pacific Clipper—In the morning, there is a great Pan American Airways clipper-ship to speed to Manila, 718 miles away. There's no time to see the Philippines. Pan American's schedule calls for 8,068 miles in four and one-half days. Leaving Manila in the afternoon, the clipper puts in at Guam, 1,580 miles away, early next morning, takes on fuel and food, and is off again on an equally long flight to Wake Island.

There, another crew takes over to speed to Midway, three-atoll group in mid-Pacific. There is a 1,380-mile flight the next day to Honolulu, where another clipper-ship, with a fresh crew, takes off the next dawn to speed 2,410 miles to San Francisco.

Back in the Continental United States, the traveler boards a great four-engined sleeper-plane at 11 P.M., and, stopping at Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, and Cleveland, is back at Newark, at 7 P.M., in seventeen hours of flying-time, exactly two weeks after leaving.

Air-minded travelers may do even better in 1937, for Britain's Imperial Airways and Pan American Airways are collaborating on a transatlantic heavier-than-air service with two possible routes envisioning twenty-four-, or thirty-six-hour service.

Editorial Comment—Meanwhile, arrival of the *Hindenburg* at Lakehurst, and her return trip to Germany, focuses attention of editorial writers on the seven-league leaps of aviation in annihilating space and time.

To the Newark *Evening News*, this flight brings "closer to fulfillment . . . established regular dirigible service between the United States and Germany" through what *The Times* (London) calls "the persistence and thoroughness of the Germans in the development of the commercial air-ship in the face of universal discouragement."

Looking ahead, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* notes that "Not only are we to have airways for dirigibles, making the ocean-crossing in two days, but huge sea-planes are under construction with a twenty-four-hour crossing in view. . . ."

In the eyes of the New York *Times*, the great air-ship's "voyage is an event of major historic importance for the simple reason that it inaugurates regular commercial transoceanic service by air. . . .

"Far below them, her passengers could see the two fastest liners ever built lunging hugely and cumbrously through waves that must have seemed thick and obstructing compared with the pellucid, almost unresisting, air above. In that spectacle two eras in transportation merged together in one of those transitions from old to new that are always significant in the onward sweep of mankind. . . .

"Men still dream of enlarging their technical powers, of conquering space. All may not be morally well with the world, but it is not a world utterly lost when a *Hindenburg* can be built and navigated with such dramatic success."

LUCKY GIRLS Seven of Trade Unions Describe White House Hospitality

Trim, white, linen envelops with "The White House" embossed in gold at the top, rippled the routine of life when they were delivered at humble homes, weavers' looms, store counters, and telephone switchboards in Alabama last week.

The letters were penned to families and friends by seven lucky girls from that State passing the week under the roof of the nation's Executive Mansion. In Washington, as delegates to the Women's Trade Union League, the girls had been signally honored by fellow member Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as a reward for winning prizes.

"We drove into the capital in the rain," the letters said in effect. "We put our car in a parking-lot, and took a taxi to the White House so that we'd be less trouble to Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Breakfast is our only meal at the White House because we have all-day meetings of the League to attend to with the fifty other girls from all over the country here to spread education in trade-unionism.

"We heard William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, predict that the principles of the NRA would be restored by Congress in other laws; that there is nothing to stop us from getting soon a real social-security program."

Letters Explained—Passing these letters around proudly, Alabama's working folk were as sorely puzzled as were Washington reporters over this unqualified reference to leadership and destiny. Later Mr. Green admitted he meant President Roosevelt, that, in fact, his praise of his leadership meant advocacy of reelection.

Last week the Executive Council of the Federation meeting in Washington had plenty of indication that labor's traditional policy might be deviated from again.

Chief indication was the new Non-Partisan League, pledging union votes to the President, behind which husky John L. Lewis, United Mine Workers' head, has lined up 40 per cent. of the Federation's membership. To this has been added support of four State Federations—those of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama.

Press Reaction—Thomas L. Stokes, New

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York *World-Telegram* correspondent, believes that labor votes pledged to President Roosevelt may tip the balance in such closely fought States as New York and Pennsylvania, perhaps in Ohio and Michigan.

The *Peoples' Press* (Chicago) said "there is a great deal of dissatisfaction with what the Administration has done, but it is looked upon by all labor as definitely better than a Hearst-Landon-controlled government would be."

In answer to the Boston *Herald's* pronouncement that "labor does not vote as a unit," the *Labor Record* (Philadelphia) hopes "that once in the habit of delivering its vote for a candidate, labor can not help soon but deliver its vote for its own labor party candidates."

LANDON RUSH He Wins, Despite Hearst, in California, Jolts Borah in South Dakota

His friends call him Alf; his full name is Alfred Mossman Landon, and he is, by common consent, the top-flight candidate for the Republican nomination for President.

That is something to be, but if he ever slaps his chest about it, no one has ever seen him do so. He tends to take things simply, in stride, just as, last week, he took his eye-opening victory in South Dakota and the defeat of his chief journalistic supporter, William Randolph Hearst, in California.

Searchers for the average American, that handy myth, might settle on Alfred M. Landon, Governor of Kansas, and not go far wrong.

He stands five feet nine, sends the scales to 170, is married, has three children, smokes a pipe, likes the movies, plays bridge and poker, has never been abroad, takes a highball occasionally, and belongs to the Elks, Odd Fellows, and Masons. He is forty-eight, has brown eyes, a likable smile and silvering hair. He walks to his office at 8.30 every morning, lunches at home on soup and salad, and, of an evening, may slouch on the veranda swing and talk politics with the neighbors.

Rush to Fame—Four years ago, he was unknown outside Kansas. By last week, his name was on every tongue. In South Dakota and California politically-minded people talked of little else.

In South Dakota, a slate of Republican delegates committed to Landon stunned the prophets by running neck and neck with, and finally nosing out, a slate pledged to William E. Borah, tho Borah was supposed to wear the farm belt under his coat.

In California's Republican primaries, the choice apparently was between Landon and Landon. There a slate cordial to him defeated another committed to him. At worst, this left him where he was before; that is to say, out front.

The moving spirit of the 100-per-cent-Landon ticket was Hearst, whose five California newspapers banged the drum for the Kansan early and late. The moving spirit of the second ticket was Ex-President Herbert Hoover. But members of this Hoover group hastened to announce that they were not fighting Landon, that they looked with friendly, not to say loving, eyes on his candidacy, and that, anyway, he had never indorsed the Hearst ticket but only refrained from repudiating it.

Press Theme Song—The chief issue, apparently, was Hearst,—whether this "New York Democrat," as the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.-Rep.) and other anti-Hearst newspapers called him, would be allowed to "kidnap the Republican Party" in California.

To be sure, the primary spells a setback for Landon to the Sacramento *Union* (Ind.) and some other newspapers. But one California newspaper after another plays the theme song of the Alameda *Times-Star* (Ind.): "Not so much a repudiation of Governor Landon as it is of Hearst."

Thus the Pasadena *Star-News* (Ind.-Rep.): "The vote is less unfavorable to Governor Landon than appears on the surface." And the Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.): "Not a defeat for Governor Landon so much as it is notice to him that he can not afford to go to Cleveland under false colors." And the scrappy *Evening News* (Ind.) of that city: "The State that knows Hearst best heeds him least."

"The Kansan's destiny is guided by Lady Luck," thinks Franklyn Waltman, political expert of the Washington *Post* (Ind.). "The voters of California repudiated Hearst for him and lifted this burden from his back."

It was last December that Mr. Hearst's private car rolled richly into the railroad yards at Topeka. The publisher had lunch with the Governor in the three-story Executive Mansion and came out with a candidate.

But why should Mr. Hearst or any one else cast his lot with this homemade householder?

Vote-Getter—The answer to that begins on Election Day, 1932, when despondent Republicans, moiling through reports of Democratic successes here, there, and everywhere, came on a flash of sunlight. A Republican named Landon had been elected Governor in Kansas. Two years later, there it was again: Landon Reelected Despite Nation-Wide Democratic Landslide.

"Watch Landon," Republicans began to murmur, and intoned the motto of Kansas: "To the stars through bolts and bars."

Eight months later, the Kansan ambled before a microphone and spoke over a nation-wide hook-up. His radio voice was nothing to boast about, he could not project his warming personality through receiving sets, but his words were electric. To millions worried by colossal expenditures in Washington, he announced that Kansas had balanced its budget.

"Budget-balancing Alf," newspapers nicknamed him. They told how the Kansas Constitution forbids the State to make an appropriation without levying a specific tax to cover it, how Governor Landon has sponsored a law requiring counties, cities, and towns to keep outlay within income, how he had slashed State expenditures by

Drawn by Shapi for THE LITERARY DIGEST

Gov. Alfred M. Landon: despondent Republicans . . . came on a flash of sunlight

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cutting salaries, merging departments, and scrapping building programs.

There were scoffers, and still are. WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins snorted that Landon had balanced his State budget because Kansas had not put up "one thin dime" for work relief. Other critics say he allowed State bills to run for months and thus kept down expenditures for certain years; that he borrowed money from time to time to make the budget appear balanced, and that his books will look sick when Federal relief funds stop flowing into the State.

In the midst of the uproar, Governor Landon, last January, again faced a microphone, derided the New Deal's "aimless experimentation," deplored its "unworkable" Social Security Act, denounced its "waste and extravagance," did everything but grab his battered gray felt hat and toss it into the ring.

Last week, in a radio interview with H. V. Kaltenborn, he returned to the charge, declaring that the Roosevelt Administration had made the worst record in history in bringing this country out of a depression.

Measuring Process—By last week, Republican politicians all over the country had assayed Landon's assets inside and out. He had been a political dry, which might be bad, and had made a fortune in oil, which might be worse, but he came from a Midwest farming State, which was fine. Moreover, he had courage, as he indicated by bombarding the Townsend Plan when it was at its peak. He was honest, as he showed by pushing the prosecution in a bond scandal during his first term. He was liberal, but not liberal enough to scare conservatives. He had political skill, ability to placate political opponents.

All these assets leave some commentators cold. On the subject of Mr. Landon, Senator Carter Glass's Lynchburg *News* (Dem.) is deliberate, but vinegary: "Any man who feels it best to follow Mr. Hearst's wishes in anything because they are Mr. Hearst's wishes, or who isn't suspicious of anything Mr. Hearst advocates until suspicion is definitely cleared, is not a safe man to trust with official responsibility."

On the same subject, Paul Y. Anderson, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, is quietly furious: "Never having done anything worth mentioning, said anything worth hearing, or been any place worth remembering, he will make an ideal candidate for the Republican Party as now owned and operated."

BAND - WAGON Roosevelt Wins in California, Gets an Argument in Maryland

The Roosevelt band-wagon has been tearing through the Democratic primaries like a stream-lined train through a tunnel.

Until two weeks ago, no Democrat dared or cared to oppose the President in a Statewide fight for convention delegates. Then Col. Henry Breckinridge, New York attorney, popped up as an anti-New Deal candidate in Pennsylvania, only to get the short end of a seventeen-to-one primary vote.

But the Colonel, an expert fencer and a licensed pilot, has plenty of courage, and last week, in Maryland's Democratic Primaries, he faced the President again.

In Pennsylvania, he had made no campaign. But in Maryland, his thin, serious face alive with earnestness, he lambasted the Roosevelt Cabinet's "Russocrats," promised to bring the Government "back from its long European spree and button it up in the Constitution," and besought Marylanders, by voting for him, to "arouse the entire American nation."

More than 17,000 took his advice; more than 90,000 stuck to Roosevelt.

Clashing Interpretations — Showing that "the State is safe for Roosevelt," according to Lawrence B. Fenneman, head of Maryland's Young Democratic Clubs, which sponsored the April 13 speech at Baltimore in which President Roosevelt opened his campaign for reelection. Showing nothing of the sort, according to Colonel Breckinridge, who, delighted with his five-to-one defeat, exulted that Maryland "has increased the pace started by Pennsylvania," and warned:

"Scuttlers of party platforms, squanderers of the people's money, subverters of the Constitution, look out! . . . The people will stuff you clear through the bottom of the ballot-box."

The Roosevelt band-wagon hit a jarring bump in Maryland, Colonel Breckinridge would say. More typical of its progress this year was its free wheeling, air-flow runaway in the California Democratic primaries next day.

Entering the polling-booths, California Democrats found three slates of delegates on their ballots. One was for Roosevelt first, last, and all the time. One would have been for Upton Sinclair, ex-Socialist and EPIC-sponsor, on the first convention ballot, but for Roosevelt thereafter. The third wished to give one ballot to frail little John S. McGroarty, elderly Congressman, Townsendite and poet laureate, and the rest to Roosevelt. But California Democrats wanted no part of these production-for-use and Townsend-tinted slates, and gave the Roosevelt-forever ticket a thumping majority.

Thus, in two days in two States, President Roosevelt garnered sixty votes for the National Convention. But whether the sixteen he got in Maryland truly represent the sentiment of the State is a question over which editors are still at odds.

Press Opinions—"Not bad," remarks the judicial Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) of the Roosevelt vote in Maryland, tho "it will not satisfy those of his friends who wish to take the results of the election for granted six months in advance."

"A blow to the Roosevelt prestige," concludes Frank R. Kent, the Baltimore *Sun's* crack political correspondent, an anti-New Dealer from the drop of the hat. Rejoicing in this "victory for the anti-Roosevelt Democrats," he notes that "for half a century, as Maryland has gone, so has gone the country."

Day in, day out, in his newspaper column, the stocky, peppery Mr. Kent has been pummeling the New Deal with both hands. Last week, *The Evening Sun* front-paged the vote in Mr. Kent's own Baltimore precinct: Breckinridge 79, Roosevelt 14. "Let it never again be said," grins Mark Sullivan, another anti-New Deal political correspondent, "that a prophet is without honor in his own election precinct."

G. O. P. PUBLICIZER Bruce Barton Picked to Offset Democratic Michelson

Since Franklin D. Roosevelt entered the White House three years ago, two big problems have confronted the Republican Party: (1) where to find a candidate strong enough to oppose him in 1936; (2) how to build up a publicity machine influential enough to swing sentiment behind this candidate when chosen.

With the names of Landon, Borah, Knox, and Vandenberg potent, problem No. 1 is no longer so perplexing. But the second problem is as knotty as ever.

Chief obstacle to a successful publicity campaign by the Republicans has been the sharp brain and facile pen of Charles Michelson, Democratic press-agent. Having created a swell of anti-Hoover sentiment that swept Franklin Roosevelt into office, Michelson was retained by the Presi-

Wide World Photos

Bruce Barton, Publicity Analyst—his job: Oiling the G. O. P. publicity machine

Charles Michelson, Democratic press agent—his job: "Dispelling the Fog"

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dent for more and harder work. To-day he is in the office of the Democratic National Committee pounding out a weekly political column, "Dispelling the Fog."

To compete with the well-oiled Michelson machine, Henry P. Fletcher, Republican Chairman, last February called in Theodore A. Huntley, who from 1929 to 1934 was Secretary to Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania. Under Huntley's direction six pieces of Republican propaganda, designed to catch the eye of every type of voter, are mailed out of Washington every week.

During the last month Republicans have made two notable publicity blunders. The first occurred when Chairman Fletcher, in attempting to make it plain that the group of professors enrolled by the G.O.P. was not another "brain trust," labeled it just that.

Joyous Opponents—The second dud was the "dog food" speech of Senator Dickinson. Long before it had been delivered, a news release on it was in the hands of editors linking the address to the Republican National Committee. Gleeful Democrats have not yet stopped talking about the Republican senator's "canned speech."

In an effort to determine why the G.O.P. publicity machine has been moving so jerkily, Chairman Fletcher last week asked the help of a famed public relations expert, Bruce Barton of the advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. He will survey and report on everything that comes from Republican headquarters.

Author of a best seller*, Bruce Barton's experience sweeps from work on a railroad construction gang to newspaper interviews and a career of copy-writing.

But fame has not changed his homely habits. He still uses the battered typewriter he has been poking for twenty-five years. An after-lunch nap on the office couch is not unusual for him. He is fond of talking, smokes flat Havanas, goes horseback riding every morning.

Press Comment—"When Mr. Barton gets through with the Republican candidate," says the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.), "he may not be wearing a halo, but he will be a very shiny and seraphic-looking gentleman none the less." The Lexington (Ky.) *Leader* (Rep.) says no better choice could have been made and congratulates the Republican Committee on the idea, since "this is no ordinary campaign. . . . The very form of government is at stake."

*"The Man Nobody Knows," a life of Christ, published in 1925, by Bobbs-Merrill Company. More than 250,000 copies have been sold.

BLEAK SENTINELS Navy Crosses Equator, But Looks North to Alaska for New Bases

Next week, Adm. Joseph Mason Reeves, bearded, professorial Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet, is, in his own words, going "to make this Navy seagoing." Forty thousand officers and men on 157 ships will meet *King Neptune* and his court.

On May 17, the armada will begin an eight-day cruise that will take thousands of "polliwogs" (neophytes) across the Equator. When they return to Panama Canal bases on May 24, they will be "shellbacks." There's "no tactical significance" in the marine junket below the Line, which is designed "merely for the purpose of wiping out the record of its personnel of cruising only in northern waters."

Wide World

Ralph LePine (left) and Walter Warmbold, ready to lead the Townsend Plan caravan

Bleak Bases—Yet, it is in those northern waters, lapping the bleak, inhospitable Aleutian Islands, jutting like cold stepping-stones from Alaska to a troubled Asia, that the Navy feels it soon must establish new bases for an ever-growing Battle Fleet. Hawaii is equipped as a veritable "Gibraltar of the Pacific," $5,000,000 annually is to be spent for five years to improve fortresses defending the Panama Canal, just tested in the Navy's Fleet Problem XVII, so the Navy now looks northward.

Naval treaties ban Aleutian fortification until the end of the year, but surveys are being made to determine where natural defenses must be improved. If bases are built in Alaska, Congress will be asked to appropriate an even more staggering sum than the $529,000,000 Navy budget now in process of final enactment for the next fiscal year. Of that, $115,300,000 is earmarked for new war-ship construction, including two new superdreadnaughts.

Papers Divided—This thumping naval estimate sharply splits the American press. Some papers, such as the Boston *Post*, with "it would be foolish to play the ostrich," favor warcraft building, while others, like the Philadelphia *Record*, think "we are arming for we-don't-know-what: We have no scheme or policy, only the jitters."

But the Springfield *Union* says:

"The better our Navy is, the more ready it is to repel attack, the calmer we may rest in the assurance that we shall not be molested."

The Birmingham *Age-Herald* answers:

"Already more than 60 per cent. of the national budget goes for paying the cost of past and future wars. Only 2 per cent. goes for health purposes; 3 per cent. for education.

"There's something desperately wrong somewhere."

TOWNSEND PUSH Line of Motor-Cars Carries Plan Propaganda to Washington

Clouds of stinging, blinding sand, sweeping across the New Mexico desert, shrouded the little motorcade of trucks and cars as it crept along the highway toward the East. Thirty women and thirty-five men, ranging in age from sixteen to seventy, gasped and coughed as the eighteen cars and three trucks pushed doggedly ahead.

All were red-eyed, wind-burned, weary, hungry. But nobody thought of stopping, or turning back. The women, old and young, were as determined as the men, many of them coatless and tieless, to keep on. Crusaders in a cause they consider almost holy, their slogan was "Washington or bust!"

After an ordeal lasting hours the first of the cars pulled into El Paso, Texas. Others, separated by the storm, straggled in. Their immediate objective reached, and with about a fourth of their journey behind them, these Townsendites, who are carrying Townsend Plan petitions to Washington, congratulated themselves on surviving the first real hardship of their long trip. Then they rushed to wash the sand out of their eyes and dine.

As guests of their own organization, they visited the grill of an expensive hotel, ordered steaks and fancy salads. Ralph LePine, caravan marshal and leader, hustled around trying to cash a $500 check. Lois Jeanne Johnson, a pretty brunette of sixteen, rounded up the stragglers for a meeting and told them God had inspired the Townsend Plan.

Leader Straggles In—Last to arrive at El Paso was the caravan leader, Walter Warmbold, a short, chunky, bald man, whose patience had been stretched but not snapped by the hardships of the day. As usual, he was smoking a cigar. Checking up, Warmbold found all his charges present.

Warmbold decided to change the schedule to give everybody a day's rest. He said he had six tons of petitions bearing 10,000,000 signatures to deliver in Washington.

The caravan, which left Los Angeles on May 5 after a meeting featured by hymns and prayer, was expected to reach the capital well before May 19, the date set by the special House Committee investigating the Townsend Plan for its examination of Dr. Francis E. Townsend, founder of the movement.

It is expected that Doctor Townsend will be asked about many of the criticisms and charges made by previous witnesses. These include statements that the Townsend Plan is "a money racket" and a plan to "bleed the public." All these charges have been flatly denied by Townsend leaders, and it is expected that Doctor Townsend will retort to his critics.

Caravan's Purpose—Explaining the purpose of the Townsend caravan, *The Townsend Weekly* asserts that "it should not, in any sense of the word, be construed as a march on Washington." Any additional cars that join the caravan "will be asked to leave it at the State borders." The sole purpose is to deliver the Townsend petitions in response to a committee subpena. *The Weekly* asserts:

"The passage of the caravan across the

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country will be of undoubted benefit to the Townsend Movement."

Other papers disagree.

"A futile and money wasting proceeding," says the Los Angeles *Times*. "The Plan itself is a tragic absurdity; it ought to be let die in peace. The organizers of the caravan can gain nothing other than a prolongation of its demise, and they will be under suspicion of desiring to prolong a racket."

"Futile as a stimulant" is the Portland *Oregonian's* opinion of the caravan, and the Tulsa *World* says that the Congressional "exposé of the Townsend Plan duplicity has been of great harm to the movement, altho organized clubs in this area are carrying on."

Such views are summed up by *The Ohio State Journal:*

"The Townsend boom is like the old gray mare—it ain't what it used to be and never will be again."

FARM BILLIONS Frazier-Lemke Mortgage Financing Bill Forced to House Floor

While Senator Lynn Joseph Frazier, bald, bulky, blunt, and Representative William Lemke, short, carelessly dressed, filled note-books together at the University of North Dakota, they day-dreamed of a sure-fire political philosophy.

Part of the formula they evolved was never to give up a project, once begun. Thus, when Congress sulkily voted this week on the Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Bill, it was a victory for their persistence.

Five long years ago, the North Dakota friends launched their plan to help farmers save their land. The bill would provide three billion dollars for farm loans, at the unheard of rate of one and one-half per cent. Another one and one-half per cent. would go for amortization.

Monetary Problem—But the catch in the plan, that brought thunders of denunciation from the nation's press, was the manner in which the three billions were to be raised. If the public would buy forty-seven-year government bonds at one and one-half per cent. interest, all very well. But if not, printing-presses would be put to work to turn out the money.

In this inflationary move, editorial writers, such as Chester H. Rowell, of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* saw such dire consequences as: "Liberty will have perished from the earth, and we shall have deserted our post as its last custodians."

Caught between farmers' demands for a show-down on the bill and such violent opposition, Representatives weaseled, and sent the measure to the Rules Committee. There it was expected to die quietly, and save the embarrassing possibility of a record vote.

But they reckoned without the two sons of the plains. Quietly Lemke and Frazier set about to blast the bill out of committee by the only possible means—a petition signed by 218 members.

Administration leaders constantly blocked their efforts, and maneuvered to keep Democratic names from the document. Still the number crept upward, until it lacked but one.

Then, with flaming face, into the House one day stamped Representative William L. Berlin, of Pennsylvania. He had, he said, removed his name from the petition at the request of the Administration. Then, he charged, he had been "double-crossed." Senator Guffey engineered his defeat for renomination in a primary, with the help of the WPA and free beer. In revenge, Berlin quickly signed his name, making the petition mandatory.

Names Effective—Therefore, altho among the 218 names are those of three dead men, twelve who will definitely not be members of the next House, and one who has been convicted of fraud, the bill moved onto the floor this week.

And with the same motion, it stirred up a nest of angry editorial hornets. Typical was the view of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette:*

"The farm mortgage problem does call for intelligent consideration by Congress, but the majority of farmers would agree that no intelligent solution will involve the issuance of cigar-coupon money."

But in opposition to this view stands the report of the House Committee on Agriculture, which insists:

"The bill is designed to refinance existing farm mortgages at low rates of interest, and extend them over a long period, so that the farmer can keep a home for himself, his wife, and children. . . . It will come to the relief of worthy farm people . . . about one-fourth of our entire population."

UNTERRIFIED DRYS Amid Niagara's Roar, They Name Prohibition Candidate

D. Leigh Colvin's parents instilled in him a bitter hatred of the devil's devices, especially alcohol. While he was yet a youngster in South Charleston, Ohio, in the eighties, he clenched his small fists and held them ready to smite evil wherever it raised its head.

Not so many years ago, after he had won a Ph. D. at Columbia University and had settled in New York, Doctor Colvin did take the time to have his eyes tested. He could see well enough the handful of playing cards the oculist waved before him, but he couldn't prove it; hadn't the faintest idea what the spots on them meant. Devotion to the cause of prohibition had given him no idle moments for cards.

Last week the National Prohibition Party rewarded this devotion by nominating the veteran warrior as its candidate for President of the United States. He had run for Vice President on the same ticket in 1920, and for Senator from New York in 1932; still believes in the Party's cause as a live issue.

When the nation scrapped its thirteen-year-old prohibition amendment in 1933, Doctor Colvin did not accept defeat for his cause. The rebuff merely renewed the challenge for which his training had prepared him. Not for nothing had he enrolled in the American Temperance School at Harrington, Tennessee, when he was fifteen, and gone on tour to organize the Intercollegiate Temperance Association in 100 universities when he was twenty.

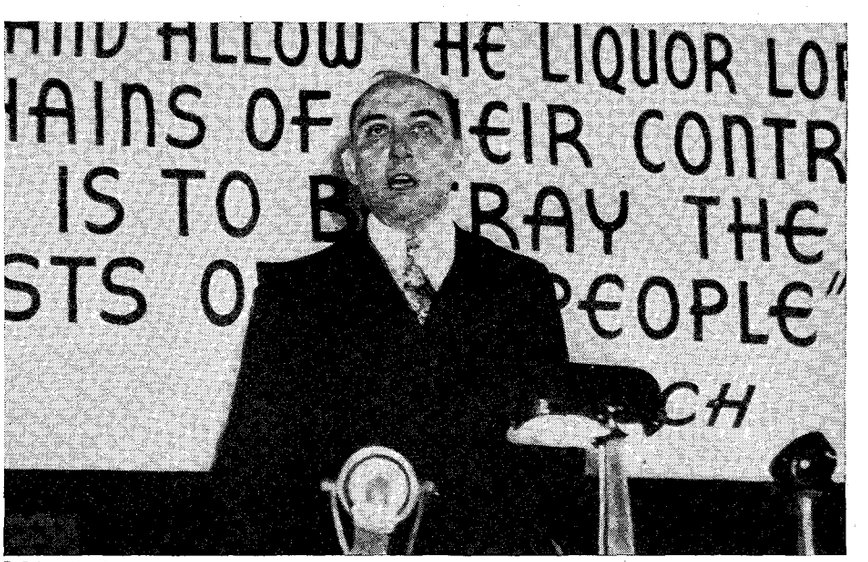
Arraignment—At Niagara Falls last week, where 150 Prohibition Party delegates met in the big red brick armory equipped for ten times their number, Doctor Colvin cried out that the liquor traffic was back, "more insolent, more devastating than ever before," that it was whirling even young girls into an "alcoholic vortex."

The delegates' answer was to blame the two major Parties for "the betrayal and repeal of prohibition" and to draw up a platform for the reenactment of dry laws. For good measure, they threw in planks on world peace, crime, unemployment, old age pensions and currency, tho they beat down moves to change the Party's name and minimize the liquor issue.

Recurrent flirtation with radicalism on financial and industrial issues, such as the Prohibitionists' advocacy of free silver and national control of railroad and telegraph lines in 1896, kept many voters with dry leanings within the bounds of the major Parties.

Press Comment—*The Christian Science Monitor,* one of the few outstanding newspapers stedfastly sounding the plea for prohibition, echoes the Party's sentiments:

" 'Protect the country's youth from the



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Dr. D. Leigh Colvin, Prohibitionist candidate for President, found the liquor traffic "more aggressive, more insolent, more devastating than ever before"

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bootlegger,' was the wail which wrung the hearts of those who too easily forgot that no good thing ever came from the bung of a whisky barrel or the barroom tap. . . . Where are the vows of yesteryear? Where is the touching solicitude for youth?"

The *Brooklyn Eagle,* not a dry paper, puts in a word for the drys:

"There are good people who regret that national prohibition was repealed and who would like to see it restored. They demand an opportunity to stand up and be counted on Election Day. They should have it."

Less patient, the Baltimore *Sun,* which mutters: "One might think . . . that Prohibitionists would be the last people to call attention to the feminine sots created by their pet delusion. . . . Such drys as Doctor Colvin can lament over the wreckage without ever stopping to consider their own responsibility for it."

The New York *Herald Tribune* fears a new battle over prohibition, warning that "those who before 1920 scouted the idea that the liquor traffic was doomed, or even that it was necessary to reform its abuses, will do well to consider the utterances of the dry convention at Niagara Falls."

The Prohibitionists met within a mile of an almost limitless supply of water and of the border which beckoned to thirsty Americans for thirteen arid years. Prophetic irony, perhaps?

NEW SEAPORT Ocean Is Taken to Brownsville, Texas, for Shipping Boom

Hot-dog meat and history, garlic and gold, Spanish grandees, pirates and pink grapefruit, the rattle of musketry, and the price of cabbage by the ton—all are being blended in a special potpourri at Brownsville this week as the little Texas city on the Rio Grande commemorates its historic past and whoops it up over a Chamber of Commerce dream come true.

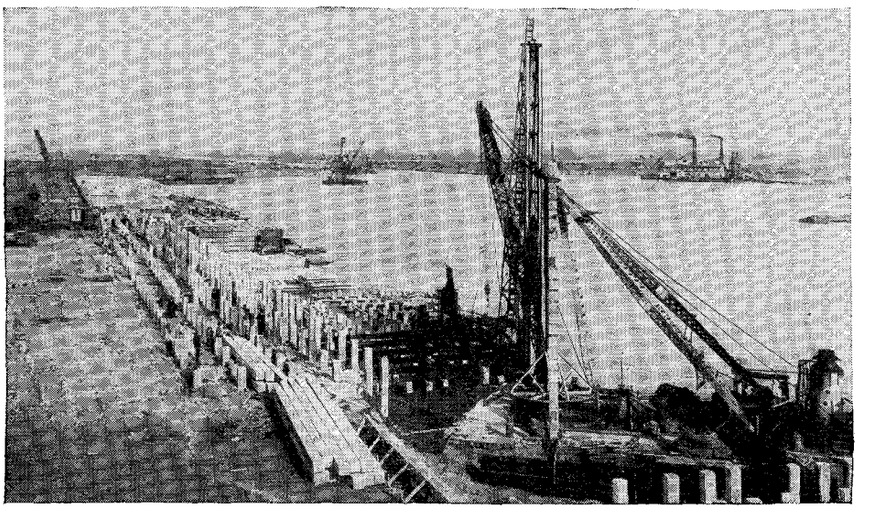
For the city, tucked away in Texas's "toe," seventeen miles inland, to-day is an ocean port.

"The lower Rio Grande valley's aim of a generation is being realized," says the San Antonio *Express,* emphasizing that the new water transportation will reduce prices to the ultimate consumer and "stimulate the demand for Texas products."

Brownsville agrees, and beats the drum. Dreaming of the romantic past, rich with tales of high adventure, of slashing sabers, of causes lost and won, it is celebrating a history under seven flags. Dreaming of the statistical future, with its promise of bookkeeping battles, high profits and the slashing of rates, it visions itself tapping the commerce of the seven seas.

The city could not go to the sea, so they brought the sea to the city, by digging a seventeen-mile channel to Port Isabel on the Gulf of Mexico. It is twenty-six feet deep. Jetties were built in the harbor, and a turning basin at Brownsville which will bring the shipping of the world to the city's back-yard. A $5,000,000 project, it was financed by a PWA loan for which the Brownsville Navigation District gave security.

The port already has set itself up as a rival of China for the egg trade, and has



Acme

Brownsville could not go to the sea, so the sea was brought to Brownsville

been shipping hundreds of tons of hot-dog meat to New York. It expects to cut into the fruit and vegetable business enjoyed by California and Florida. A big trade is anticipated in pink grapefruit.

Chief beneficiaries of this new traffic will be the Eastern seaboard cities, and Central and South America. Proudly, Brownsville proclaims that the water rate to New York will range from 25 to 75 per cent. under rail rates. It cites canned goods as an example: the rate by rail per hundredweight is $1.28, by water 32 cents.

Varied Products—Much of the fruit will be canned, and eggs and beef will be frozen before shipment. Such cargoes will be supplemented by cotton, ore concentrates, and petroleum. Inbound cargoes will be chiefly automobile, structural steel, fertilizer, beer, and general merchandise.

Brownsville, now a city of about 26,000, a summer resort and an air gateway to Mexico, was founded in 1846 as Fort Brown, across the Rio Grande from the ancient Mexican city of Matamoras. Past this site have sailed Spanish galleons, English frigates, pirate ships, Yankee clippers, bringing Spanish grandees, soldiers, buccaneers, missionaries, adventurers, traders.

First came the *conquistadores* of Spain. At various times French and English adventurers controlled the territory. The fierce tribes of Indians overran it to reclaim their lost lands, Austrians and French, bearing Maximilian's star of empire, ruled for a while. Mexicans and soldiers of the Texan Republic clashed here. In 1846 Gen. Zachary Taylor established Fort Brown. Finally, the Blue and the Gray fought the last battle of the War Between the States at Palmetto Hill.

Shifty River—For years Brownsville boomed. Then the rich trade it had enjoyed withered as the Rio Grande changed its course and silt plugged the channel.

This week the city is celebrating, not the deepening of the river, but the construction of an entirely new, cross-country waterway which the river can never affect.

Press Rejoicing—That it soon will be an important factor is admitted by the Editor of *The Caller* in another Texas port, Corpus Christi. Foreseeing "some close and interesting competition," he adds that "the fact remains that while there may be some preliminary early-day scuffling, there's enough business for both of us, and Corpus Christi can do well to congratulate Brownsville on her new venture."

Says the Brownsville *Herald:* "Early in the nineteenth century Baron Humboldt stood on the bank of the Rio Grande and predicted the location there some day of one of the greatest ports in the world. More than 100 years later, with the opening of the new port to serve Northern Mexico and the rich Rio Grande valley, Brownsville is making that prediction true."

PULITZER PRIZES Less Quarreling Follows Judges' Decisions This Year

It has become part of the serious annual business of awarding the Pulitzer prizes for editors to quarrel over the decisions.

Last week, when the 1936 awards were announced, many editors seemed to have tired of the sport. Former severe critical attitudes gave way to resignation or amused tolerance; others were unconcerned.

Most editors were sympathetic toward the main prize-winners:

Robert E. Sherwood's play "Idiot's Delight," H. L. Davis's novel "Honey in the Horn," Robert P. Tristram Coffin's book of verse "Strange Holiness," and Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin's historical work "The Constitutional History of the United States."

Views of Editors—"It is, indeed, remarkable that any body of judges can do as well as the Pulitzer Committee manages to do year after year despite all objections and protests," said the Baltimore *Sun.*

In the opinion of the Minneapolis *Journal:* "We do our own criticism nowadays, each of us sufficient unto himself. The Pulitzer jury and the rest of the professionals may have their 'bests'."

Equally as sour was the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:* "It begins to appear to the public that this picking of prize-winners is rather ridiculous, if not altogether idiotic."

The Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* was moderately of the belief that "the awards doubtless will stand up well in comparison with the awards of previous years. . . ."

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Topics in Brief

THERE are two sides to every question, and a good many politicians take both.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

"DEMOCRATS Begin Shaping New Platform."—Head-line. Don't be absurd; just use the photostatic copy of the old one.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HITLER has been given the title Supreme War-Lord, and if you listen carefully maybe you can hear ex-Kaiser Wilhelm laughing.—*H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.*

THE reason bank borrowings are decreasing is because it's getting harder every day for a would-be borrower to prove he doesn't need the money.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

A NEW ray making war-craft invisible is rumored in the cables. We warn the munitions boys—we don't intend to buy battleships we can't see.—*Des Moines Tribune.*

EDITOR of a woman's magazine says women like simple, direct statements. Anyone who believes that should try telling one she has on too much lip-stick.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MR. CUMMINGS, the Attorney-General, is asking for an injunction against injunctions. It is hoped by inbreeding to produce a type of justice that is immovable.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

WHENEVER I think of that three hundred thousand that the President's two weeks' fishing trip cost—honestly, I'm ashamed to look a fish in the face. I'm afraid they'd snub me.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE Republicans must be eating some of that "dog food," judging by their howls.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

CHAIRMAN FLETCHER'S Brain Trust is a flop. Up to so far it hasn't done a blooming thing worth laughing about.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

RELIEF costs in New York City have risen 50 per cent. since the W.P.A. set in. Of course, it costs more to starve in New York than elsewhere.—*Boston Globe.*

BEGINS to look as if Governor Landon will have to be elected President before people can find anything wrong with him. —*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

PROFESSOR TUGWELL'S daughter has gone into the dog-washing business. After election she will be able to take her father into partnership with her.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE boy who was lost in the Midwest dust-storm proved none the worse for his experience, except for a little erosion about the neck and ears.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

FRANCE complains that Germany sends her cheap fish dyed to resemble salmon. This differs from the Army type, which was a cheap salmon dyed to resemble fish.—*Detroit News.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is said to have lost a "merciless critic" with the passing of his candid mentor, Colonel Howe. G. O. P. campaigners will undoubtedly do their best, however, to fill an aching void.—*Clark Wood in Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

ONE trusts that Mr. Roosevelt's remarks at Baltimore were not lost on the youth of the land. It must be strong and unafraid, and a better taxpayer than its fathers.—*Barron's.*

ANOTHER group has come out with the demand that the "profit system" be ended. This is interesting to those of us who didn't know it had begun.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

THERE is some comfort for candidates who are not successful at the primaries. On the morning of November 4 they may be glad that they were not nominated.—*Indianapolis News.*

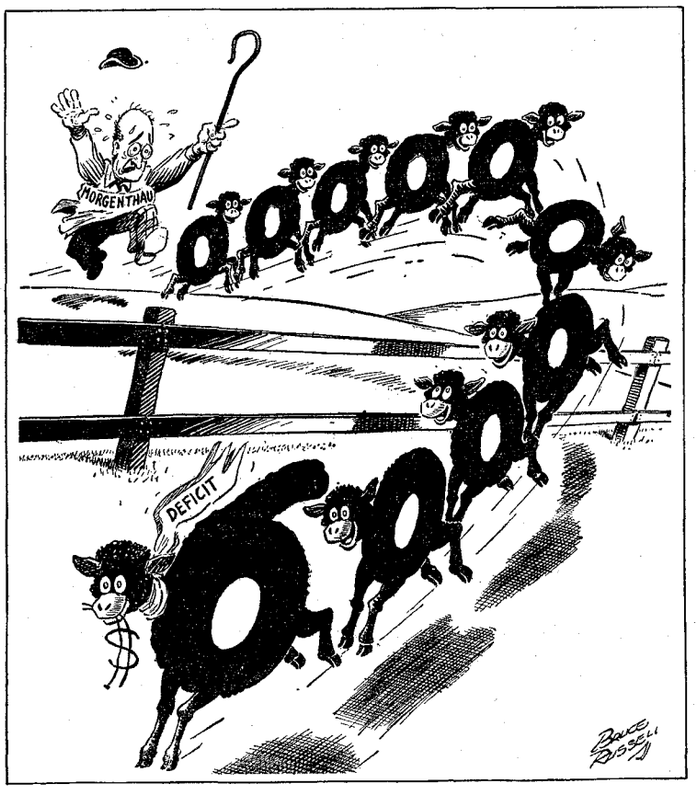
ETHNOLOGIST says American Indians practiced trephining, or brain surgery, thousands of years ago. They were better known, tho, for their scalp treatments. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

IN France's new border fortresses, more than 100,000 men are now temporarily underground. In war-time the man who is only temporarily underground is the lucky one.—*Boston Herald.*

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, on the eve of a journey to Europe, advises people that it's a waste of time to make money.

Further, Mr. Schwab nobly continues to bear the burden and grief of his wealth without asking assistance.—*Mobile (Ala.) Times.*

P. L. TRAVERS, creator of "Mary Poppins," is coming to America. "Book Notes" quotes her as saying, "the Statue of Liberty beckons me and my mind is a medley of Thanksgiving Day, maple syrup and speakeasies." She can bring in $100 worth of bicarbonate of soda, duty free.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*



THE BLACK SHEEP!

—Russell in the Los Angeles Times

THE CAMPAIGN IS ON!

—Knott in the Dallas News

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RESTORATION OF AN EMPIRE FOR ROME

Europe Wonders When Ethiopian Conquest Will Begin to Pay

"Lift your flags, your swords, your hearts, to salute the reappearance after fifteen centuries of an Empire on the fateful hills of Rome."

Uncounted cheering thousands jammed the great torch-lit square outside the Palazzo Venezia one night last week to hear Premier Mussolini announce a dream come true.

"First," he roared, "the territories and peoples that belonged to the Ethiopian Empire have passed under the sole and exclusive sovereignty of the Kingdom of Italy.

Keystone

Italy's King-Emperor, Victor Emmanuel III, with Marshal Badoglio, now Viceroy of Ethiopia

"Second, the title of Emperor is assumed for himself and his heir by the King of Italy."

The crowds thereupon climbed the steep hill to the Quirinal Palace and demanded to see small, mustached King Victor Emmanuel III. He appeared presently on the balcony of the main entrance in his customary gray-green field uniform.

"Hail, the Emperor!" broke from the frenzied masses. For hours this cry, recalling the "Ave Cæsar" of centuries ago, reechoed on the hill to the delight of the little monarch, smiling and tired.

In Addis Ababa Marshal Pietro Badoglio, commander-in-chief of the conquered territory, sat in the Italian legation, his deep-set eyes poring over maps.

A few days before he had ridden into the capital on a white charger, hoisted the red, white, and green flag of Italy over the sprawling palace which Haile Selassie deserted to flee to Jerusalem, and announced:

"There is no enemy, therefore this must be the end."

Disarming the populace, gone beserk for four days, he relieved the beleaguered American Legation, chased bandit looters to the hills and put dapper Giuseppe Bottai, former Civil Governor of Rome, in charge.

Only one thing remained to ease his mind: news of Gen. Rodolfo Graziani, monocled commander of the invading southern Army, who had sent no messages since sweeping into Jijiga and Harar, Ethiopian strongholds near the French-owned Addis Ababa-Djibouti railroad.

Triumphant Dictator—As he fingered his maps a messenger handed him a radio flash from Rome. His customarily unsmiling face lit up. The message, from Il Duce, sent just before he addressed the Roman masses, announced the war over and Badoglio's creation as Viceroy of Ethiopia. Graziani was made a Marshal.

Presently word was flashed that Graziani's dust-scarred "hell on wheels" had rolled into Diredawa, his destination, key point midway on the railroad. There it was joined by the northern Army.

"That makes it official—the conquest is ended," the new Viceroy exclaimed, his face aglow with unconcealed pleasure.

In a little over seven months modern Rome had done what ancient Rome never was able to do—conquer the fabled land of the Queen of Sheba. Italy tried to get a foothold in 1896; was disastrously defeated by Emperor Menelik in the Battle of Adowa.

Laying the framework for Rome's revived Empire, Premier Mussolini put his finger on a map of Ethiopia and said: "That's where we start."

Undeclared War—He started last October 3 without declaring war, and when he finished last week he had added 350,000 square miles and 10,000,000 people to Italy's colonial empire in Africa.

In addition to Ethiopia, there are three other colonies. Lybia, on the Mediterranean, is the largest in area with 677,000 square miles and 717,663 persons. Eritrea, on the Red Sea, is the smallest, having 45,754 square miles and 621,766 blacks. On the Indian Ocean is Italian Somaliland, counting 194,000 square miles and 1,010,815 natives.

The total: 1,266,754 square miles, 13,350,244 persons.

By and large, Italians agreed last week that of this vast domain of sand and mountain, little known Ethiopia, last of the once Dark Continent to be taken over by Europe, except Liberia, was the richest.

It was a promised land to modern Rome, but to much of the rest of the world it was exceedingly dubious in its potential worth as a colony for the white man.

Cost and Return—To win it, Mussolini spent an estimated $815,000,000. How soon can he expect a return on his investment? Most observers believe it will take twenty years; none estimates less than ten. France needed twenty to make life safe for her citizens in the Berber-ridden hinterland of Morocco, and the fighting still goes on way back in the Atlas Mountains. The Italians themselves had to throw whole rebel tribes in concentration camps in 1922, eleven years after conquering Lybia.

Regardless of the time element, without even mentioning the question of capital, which she has not, Italy faces tremendous natural difficulties in Ethiopia.

Ethiopia's fertile tropics, tho rich in coffee, cotton, sugar, kill white labor. Even with white overseers cultivation would be difficult, for the hitherto unconquered tribesmen loathe work.

Cattle, goats, and sheep whose hides formed a large part of Ethiopia's $5,000,000 in exports in 1934 grow in mountains which appear unsuited to Italian labor.

Geographical Divisions—Roughly, Ethiopia is divided into three distinct regions: the torrid, sandy flatlands of Ogaden, in the south; the Danakil desert region, one of the hottest and driest places on earth, in the northeast, and the great central plateau.

For colonization Ogaden and Danakil probably will be counted out, tho there is a chance they have undiscovered mineral resources. There remains, then, the plateau country as the one promising ground for real Empire-building.

Globe

Mussolini—his job in Ethiopia has just begun in the problem of developing resources

"This is the zone that Mussolini intends to colonize with hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of Italy's surplus population," writes Robert Gale Woolbert in the New York *Times*. "Now there is no question that there is much fertile soil on the plateau and that the climate is such that Europeans can adjust themselves to it without great difficulty.

"However, it might be worth while to point out that in the northern part of the Abyssinian plateau lying in Eritrea there are now, after fifty years of Italian occupation, less than one hundred Italian colonists on the land. Quite true, the central plateau in Ethiopia is much larger, more fertile, and better watered than the highlands of Eritrea.

"But even allowing for these favorable circumstances, there remains the all-important fact that before any Italian colonists can be established in Ethiopia, immense sums will have to be spent on roads, bridges, housing, implements, sanitation, police, defense, and all the other necessities of civilized life."

In addition, this writer says, there is

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the question as to what is going to happen to the natives. Are they to be driven off the land, or are they to do the hard agricultural labor for their new Italian masters, or are they to compete with the latter on equal terms?

"As for mineral resources," continues Mr. Woolbert, "the Abyssinian plateau has yet to reveal any rich treasures. Some coal and iron have been found and oil is always hoped for.

"Very little of Ethiopia has been carefully prospected geologically and no one knows what her subsoil contains. The most promising mineral deposits (platinum, gold, etc.) are to be found in the southwest."

Says Gaetano Salvemini in *Foreign Affairs:*

"We may safely assume that neither the British Foreign Office nor the Quai d'Orsay would have left Ethiopia to Italy if there had been gold in the country in any great quantity."

An English general, Sir Robert Napier, it is recalled, crushed the savage armies of Emperor Theodore of Ethiopia in 1868 and left as expeditiously as he came.

WORRIED EUROPE New Problems in Diplomacy Created by Italian Conquest

A world which fourteen years ago accepted Il Duce's revival of Imperial Rome's fasces as a picturesque gesture, trembled when the Fascist legions entered Addis Ababa as conquerors.

Britons remembered uneasily that in his early speeches he called the Mediterranean "Mare Nostrum"—a reminder that in the glorious days when Cæsar invaded their island, the turquoise sea was only an inner lake of Rome's sprawling dominions.

With Ethiopia gobbled up, Sir Samuel Hoare was not above pointing the moral. As coauthor of the Hoare-Laval plan, he proposed last December to give Italy a sixth of Haile Selassie's 350,000-square-mile territory, and turn over 160,000 more

Caricature by Plus in *Le Matin* (Paris)

Anthony Eden . . . a very unhappy young man

to the invader for economic expansion. Outraged Englishmen clamored for the sharp-nosed Foreign Secretary's resignation, and got it.

In an I-told-you-so mood rare among sportsmen, the champion ice-skater and tennis-player last week told fellow Tories his forebodings had "only too tragically become true. . . . We must not give the impression that we are prepared to fight everywhere and anywhere for causes that don't concern us."

Menaces to Britain—Most of his fellow countrymen, however, felt vitally concerned in Mussolini's African war. The victory struck the bitterest blow to British prestige since the American Colonists won the Revolution. Worse than that, Il Duce's newly demonstrated strength played up the weakness of the Mediterranean-Suez-Red Sea route to India, the potentially fatal link in Britain's 16,000,000-mile Empire.

As Anthony Eden, the unhappy young Foreign Secretary, told the Commons, "You can not close the Suez Canal with paper boats."

Moreover, Mussolini's new Empire borders the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and leaves him in control of Lake Tana, pledged to London under the 1906 Treaty by which Britain, Italy, and France split Ethiopia into zones of influence.

Britain had long talked of building a dam in the lake, which, as a source of the Blue Nile, helps irrigate the Sudan and Egypt.

Throughout the war British and other writers spoke of Tana as essential to the prosperity of cotton-growing Egypt.

But last week Wynant Davis Hubbard revealed in *Today* that Egyptian Government experts have held that regulation of Tana could make "no appreciable difference" to the Nile beyond Assuan. Tana, he suggested, was a smoke-screen for some other British fear.

Bridging Empire—By seizing Ethiopia, Mussolini linked his East African colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland. But to consolidate his Empire, and make it even a shadow of his ancient Roman model, he would have to unite these colonies with Libya on the Mediterranean. Between lie Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The fear of losing them still haunts Whitehall, altho the Italian dictator announced that his country had joined the "satisfied Powers."

All week, like the cat digesting the canary, he smiled benignly at the dove of peace.

"My own conviction," he told the London *Daily Mail*, "is that the League can and must go on, but its task must be made proportionate to its powers." Italy will cooperate "in bringing about a frank and definite understanding between the great Powers of Western Europe. . . . Italy wants peace."

It also wanted an end of sanctions, and many prominent Britons agreed. Tories cheered Sir Austen Chamberlain, monocled ex-Foreign Secretary, when he told the Commons that the economic weapons had failed.

To continue them "would be a policy of equal danger and futility."

Across the Channel the *Petit Parisien* echoed his opinion. "War no longer existing," it said, "the existing sanctions destined by their definition to prevent or end

THE PUZZLED DRAGON AND THE WELL-MEANING OLD LADY

—Racey in the Montreal Daily Star

war no longer have a reason for existing. There is no article in the League of Nations pact which authorizes the maintaining of sanctions against a nation no longer waging war."

Paris and Geneva—The crisis found the French Government deadlocked. The Cabinet, repudiated at the polls, remained in power. Léon Blum, leader of the Socialists who won, tossed out hints that the Popular Front will cooperate with Geneva when it comes to power. Meanwhile, however, Joseph Paul-Boncour, shock-headed Minister of State, had to bear the brunt of France's recent flirtation with Rome.

As a party to the 1906 Treaty France had secured a foothold in Ethiopia bordering the Djubuti-Addis Ababa railroad. Last week trains ran under the protection of Il Duce's olive-green troops. With an Ethiopian investment of nearly $100,000,000, France resented Mussolini's annexation of the kingdom.

Germany, without a colony in the world, took the Italian victory more calmly. "Well," the *Allgemeine Zeitung* crowed cheerfully, "there is hardly a person who would care to be in British statesmen's skins just now."

Baltic Attitude—For small Powers living in terror of Hitler's dreams of expansion, however, the fact that Mussolini seized one of their number and got away with it brought a bitter lesson. The Baltic Entente—Finland, Lithuania, and Latvia—conferred hurriedly and issued a statement voicing their faith in the League "as the best guaranty of peace."

In Geneva delegates of the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Spain, and Switzerland met to unite on a common program at the Council table. The States whose neutrality won them the nickname "the League's conscience" decided that Ethiopia was still a member, and should be represented at Geneva.

Their view contrasted sharply with that of the *Giornale d'Italia*, and promised more trouble for harassed Europe. "The Ethiopian State," the Roman daily proclaimed, "has committed suicide."

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RED, BUT FRENCH Communist Deputy Thorez Will Cast Party's 72 Votes for Defense

A snub-nosed, stocky little ex-miner is Maurice Thorez, Deputy and Secretary General of the French Communist Party.

At eighteen, he doffed his horizon blue poilu's uniform soon after the first Armistice Day, took to the dank coal-pits of his native Pas-de-Calais, where he learned to read Marxist tracts, sing the "Internationale" and wave a crimson red flag.

War had instilled in his young heart a burning hatred for armed violence, so that when he went down to Paris some years later to sit in the pillared Chamber of Deputies he vowed never to vote for defense funds.

A fortnight ago comparatively obscure, the little Communist leader was made one of the dominating figures in French politics by the Popular Front victory. To help him bellow his disapproval of *bourgeois* legislation in the new Parliament, convening in June, he had sixty-one new voices added by that election.

Of supreme interest to Socialists and Radical Socialists, therefore, is Maurice Thorez's program of action which they got straight from his solid little shoulder last week at a meeting of Popular Front chieftains.

Reds for Guns—Facing them through the haze of cigarette smoke, he said:

"Gentlemen, you can count upon one thing in the next Chamber: we Communists are going to vote for defense funds."

Leaders of the Radical Socialists, whom Thorez had called "that mass of little people of the middle class whom the depression has sorely tried," moved uneasily in their seats.

Léon Blum, shaggy-haired, Socialist chief whose 145 Deputies form the largest group in the next Parliament, rubbed his long twitching nose.

A moment before he had announced that "his Party was ready to fill its rightful rôle, which is to form and lead a Popular Front Government," a decision in conflict with his historic policy not to take power without an absolute Socialist majority.

When he sought to sound the key-note of that government's platform with a vigorous shout of "Soak the rich!" Communist lieutenants voiced vociferous "*ouis*."

"There is no question of expropriation," Thorez went on, "but only taking from those who possess and giving it to those who have nothing."

The Radical Socialists looked up inquiringly, and Thorez explained that a heavy capital levy would balance the short budget, protect the franc, institute public works to end unemployment.

"The Socialist Party is going to take charge of public affairs," he said. "The Communist Party will assure it our entire and loyal cooperation."

Blum beamed appreciatively, whereupon Thorez dropped a sour note: "We are going to boycott Cabinet portfolios because our program will not be exactly that of the next Government," he said.

The meeting adjourned with a feeling among leaders that the mildness of Thorez's program augured well for the future of the Popular Front.

Unlike Germans—Thorez and M. Vaillant-Couturier, Party coleader, went home assured that this spirit of unity would head off the fate which overtook the radical forces in Germany after the War. Splitting their strength, the Social Democrats, Socialist Labor, Independent Socialist Labor, Communist and other Left Parties gave the rising fascist cohorts an easy time of using one against the other, eventually swamping all in the gale which carried Adolf Hitler to power.

Amid the torture of the concentration camps, fighting Communists and Socialists blamed each other rather than Hitler for their fate. Bitterly they realized that by uniting they might have saved themselves; by joining the liberals they might have rescued the Republic.

Two years ago fascism showed its head threateningly for the first time in France. The bloody February, 1934, riots over the Stavisky scandal threw a terrific scare into Left groups. Given a little more power fascist partizans could turn such disorders into an easy pretext for dictatorship.

The squabbling Left-wingers realized the danger, got their heads together, formed the Popular Front for a united phalanx against the fascist menace. Many observers attribute this solidarity of Left purpose to the apparently slow and ineffectual spread of fascism in the country.

Globe

The Popular Front: Left-wingers united against the Fascist menace in France

European

Maurice Thorez, Communist leader, who changed his mind about defense funds

The Leftist parliamentary victory of a fortnight ago was the first tangible fruit of that partnership agreement. The Popular Front copped off 375 of the 615 seats in the Chamber. In the opinion of some political prophets, the use of this power may effect a complete check of fascism or be the direct cause through radical legislation of its crystallization.

"France has not taken a fixed position," the Conservative Catholic *Echo de Paris* protested; "on the contrary, she is caught in a whirlpool. Nothing—not even political maps so strongly stained with red—can make us believe that France desires a Socialist Government."

The independent *Petit Parisien*, with a huge national circulation, found that the people had declared "with near unanimity" for a Parliamentary Republic. "The French," it added, "have nothing to fear."

SHERRY ELECTION Spaniards Sip Chilled Drinks Before Formally Voting In New President

Pedro Chicote, Madrid's best-known bartender, served many of the slightly chilled sherries dear to the Spaniard's heart last Sunday morning. He was not presiding over his usual bar, but was serving at a temporary structure in the open air outside the Spanish Capital's little-used Crystal Palace.

There, in a one-story, rectangular, glass building overlooking a lake in cool Retiro Park, the Spanish Republic's Electoral College, composed of 443 Cortes Deputies and 425 special electors, were naming Manuel Azaña, four times Premier, second President of their turbulent State.

Seated at tables in a garden fringed by tall poplars, they slaked their thirsts, skittered over domestic and foreign politics, and chatted enthusiastically about the bright weather and the afternoon bull-fight. It was more like a lawn-party than an election.

At last, work no longer could be put off, and they sauntered through the pillared portals to the Palace, slumped into most of

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Spanish Leftists . . . enjoy their election victories

the 946 chairs, just covered with maroon plush at a cost of $83,000, and formally voted for the bulky "Spanish Lloyd George," unopposed for the Chief Magistracy—754 to 120.

There should have been 946 votes, but many Monarchist Deputies refused to cast their ballots, tho they took a glass of sherry for formality's sake.

There were only 425 special electors on the job, because the aloof Catholic Popular Actionists abstained from voting in the May 2 election.

Half-Choice—Actually, the scholarly, patient new President is the choice of barely half of Spain's registered electorate. He was named by a coalition of Left Republican and Marxist parties forming the Popular Front, triumphant in the February 16 general election.

But the Electoral College did its duty and, the next day, there was to be the usual *fiesta* and the customary dress parade with Presidential salute of twenty-one crashing field-guns while the new President puffed out his chest in the ride in an open car from the Parliament House to the National Palace.

After swearing the oath of fealty to the Constitution, his task was to be acceptance of the new Government.

But, for the next six years, President Azaña is supposed to remain aloof from partizan politics. The Constitution he must uphold demands that he exercise moderating power, and always strive to balance opposing political opinions for the Republic's good.

But, with his accession, it is not believed that his own Leftist Popular Front will be either popular or a front much longer. Moderate Socialists, cooperating with Leftist Republicans, are at rapier-points with extremists led by Francisco Largo Caballero, trade-union dictator and idol of Spain's militant workers and peasants.

Worker's Hero—Short, silent, and ruthless, Largo Caballero is the spear-head of Spanish radicalism, and bugaboo of the wealthy, who fear his tongue and political ideas. He was the real power behind Premier Azaña's four Cabinets, but they have broken over the radical leader's dream of a Spanish Socialist Republic.

Largo Caballero despises Azaña's tactics of making haste slowly, and demands immediate dictatorship of the proletariat. Through his trade-union hegemony, he can call out labor in general strikes, paralyzing industry and public utilities, but his real power comes from the peasantry, 80 per cent. of Spain's population.

President Azaña, however, opposes governmental land-grabbing to appease the tillers of the soil, but is favorable to heavy taxes on great landholders.

To reactionaries and radicals, his choice as President means a bulwark for law and order, for he is looked upon as the only Spanish statesman who can compose their differences.

Yet, Largo Caballero is fighting tooth and nail for more power. His Left-Wingers, jettisoning half-way measures stressing "the inevitability of gradualness," are challenging the moderates in control of Spanish Socialism. Their manifesto, supposedly backed by two-thirds of the Party, demands dictatorship of the proletariat as necessary for a transition from capitalism to State Socialism.

Paradoxically, Spanish Communists are more moderate. Apparently under Moscow's instructions, they are continuing cooperation with Azaña's easy-going democratic régime under a Presidential pledge "not to be swayed by extremists, either Left or Right."

Faint Praise—Despite this non-partizan pledge, the Madrid press does not have the praise for the new President which once was lavished on his ousted predecessor, Niceto Alcalá Zamora.

The independent, influential *A.B.C.* "can not understand what advantages there would be in his abandonment of the Premiership, and his leadership of the Party, to assume a passive post."

To the clerical, conservative *Debate*, the new President has "a partizan spirit which is not precisely the most suitable in one who bears the Presidential title, and who should stand nationally for all Spaniards."

But the sensational, radical *Liberal* fires this reassuring gun from the Left flank:

"The new President must be an outstanding personality in the Republic; who is more outstanding than Azaña?"

WELL-PAID KINGS Those Still Wearing Crowns Are Not Stinted by Subjects

Tho fourteen crowns toppled from royal heads in the last twenty years, those who continue to wear them still draw handsome pay.

Englishmen, for instance, last week agreed that Edward VIII, their democratic, hard-working young monarch, was well worth the $2,050,000 a year allowed him on the civil list, a budget designed to "support kings, queens, and princes in the style to which they are accustomed."

For his wife, as yet undesignated, and his first male offspring, as yet unborn, the House of Commons approved an additional $595,000 a year. Only British radicals protested when they heard that, all told, the ruling Windsors were to draw annually $3,020,000. "Bigger and better doles for the royal unemployed!" they jeered.

But one other of the world's rulers—a religious hierarch rather than a temporal one—draws more. This is the Aga Khan, roly-poly spiritual leader and deity to 80,000,000 Mohammedans of the Ismaili sect in Africa and Asia.

Magnetic Coffers—How much wealth, in bullion and gems, is stored away in the Aga's treasury at Bombay, India's teeming Western seaport, no one knows. Gold, trinkets, and cash from Mohammedan bazaars and trading houses in a score of nations have flowed into his coffers for fifty years.

Tho conservative estimate puts his annual income at $5,000,000, only one item is definitely known. This is a gift of the Aga's weight in gold, made to him each year by Ismaili elders, rulers of the sect.

Last year, having gained seventeen pounds, the gray-haired, bespectacled prelate tipped the scales at 237, netting $216,144, which he turns back to his people.

Ascetism is consequently no part of the Aga's creed. A part-time resident of England, he is widely known throughout the United Kingdom for his hearty appetite, his $5,000,000 stables of horses—favorites at every fashionable derby—and his fabulous collection of rubies.

Even richer than the Aga Khan, however, is slender, secluded Hirohito, Emperor, deity, and theoretical owner of all Japan. While his Government grant is only $1,300,000 a year, he is the largest landowner and wealthiest man of his Empire. In private possessions he outranks even the British crown.

Great Landowner—His four million acres of land, countless tenements, farm buildings, and cattle, as well as huge blocks of stock in the Bank of Japan, the South Manchurian Railway, and the Imperial Hotel of Tokyo—Japan's famous American-designed, earthquake-proof hostelry—give him a wealth estimated at half a billion dollars.

For all his riches, the Emperor lives in austere simplicity. His government allowance he spends on irrigation ditches and hospitals in backward districts of the Empire. Since the depression, to set an example of economy for his subjects, he has sold or rented twelve imperial residences.

In contrast to traditionally lavish East-

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ern potentates, Wilhelmina, plump, blue-eyed Queen of Holland, keeps such firm hold on her purse-strings that her countrymen call her tight-fisted. Still, they are proud that under her shrewd business eye the Netherlands is one of the three countries of Europe still teetering on gold.

Her government grant, a mere $850,000 a year, is only a small part of her annual $5,000,000 income. The rest comes from holdings in real estate, domestic industry, and colonial enterprises, estimated at $20,000,000.

Bicycling Queen—Altho one of the richest women of the world, she lives as simply as any Netherlander. Dressed in a plain blue dress, she is frequently seen by her wooden-shoed subjects, bicycling along the diked roads of the countryside, a single mounted guard following in the distance.

Youngest of Europe's sovereigns, thirteen-year-old Peter II of Yugoslavia gets $550,000 for training to be a ruler when he grows up. On this sum he has managed to acquire five languages, some history, and an introduction to political science.

Over his bed in the Royal Palace at Dedinje hangs this motto given him by his assassinated father, King Alexander I: "A prince must work as hard as any other boy." Nevertheless, he gets time out to hunt, fish, and ski.

A check-up of other royal pay-envelops revealed that diminutive Victor Emmanuel, monarch tho not ruler of Italy, gets $1,129,000 a year; lean, grizzled Gustav V of Sweden, $415,000; Haakon VII of Norway, a meager $173,500; Leopold III, handsome young widower king of Belgium, $408,000; Christian X of Denmark and Iceland, $250,000.

BALKAN DISQUIET Smaller Nations Alarmed as Threats to Safety Multiply

Blackshirt shouts of victory that rose last week from the parched pinnacles of Addis Ababa and the green hills of Cæsar's Rome rumbled eastward through the rugged mountains of Old Serbia and Greece, to fall like spitting rockets into the blue Bosporus beyond.

Pigmy nations of the Levant saw a new predatory giant rising from the ashes of Africa's last free empire; Turks, Serbs, Rumanians, and Greeks, already quaking in the northward shadow of Hitler's outstretched arm, shrank from another Fascist fist that reached across the Mediterranean. Could the five puny powers of the Balkan and Little Ententes withstand the might of Germany and Italy?

Statesmen Gather—Even as Mussolini's triumphant troops poured through the muddy streets of Ethiopia's capital, sober statesmen from Bucharest, Prague, Athens, and Istanbul rode through Belgrade to the high-ceilinged Yugoslav Foreign Ministry. There the spokesmen, first of the Balkan, then of the Little Entente, summoned by Premier Milan Stoyadinovitch, Chaplin-mustached Serb general, surveyed their troubled future.

Two weeks before, Turkey had dropped a bombshell in Southeastern Europe when her slim, sallow-skinned Foreign Minister, Tewfik Rushdu Aras, asked the Great

Wide World

Tewfik Rushdu Aras . . . dropped a Turkish bombshell in Southeastern Europe

Powers for permission to refortify the Dardanelles. Instantly, a storm of protest arose from fellow members of the Balkan League.

Receiving the news in Bucharest, Nicholas Titulescu, King Carol II's Foreign Minister, the most astute politician in that part of the world, flashed fire. His ashen, Mongol face flushed, and his thin frame heaved with anger as he denounced Turkey's action as endangering the free passage of Rumanian shipping between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. As quick to take umbrage were Yugoslavia and Greece; why, they protested, had not Turkey notified them first? Titulescu threatened to boycott the conference Stoyadinovitch had called.

Alarmed, Aras sent his trusted secretary to Bucharest to pacify the fiery Titulescu. *En route* to Belgrade, the Turkish Foreign Minister stopped off at Athens, saw his old friend John Metaxas, Greece's stocky military Premier; found time for a cheering audience with King George. Two days later, sitting as its President and Chairman, Aras opened a peaceful Balkan parley on the Sava.

But it was not his faculty for calming troubled waters that had brought the four Powers into line and silenced Titulescu's sputtering threats. Nor was it his silken-voiced assurance that Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, Turkey's peace-loving President, had sought coast-guns only to defend Istanbul from attack. What cast at least a semblance of unity over the conference was his reminder that Hitler's Rhineland coup and Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia had shown that the League of Nations was no longer able to protect the weak against the strong.

Eighteen years before, when Czechoslovakia and Greater Serbia and Rumania had been spawned in the graveyard of the Hapsburg Empire, Woodrow Wilson's shining League had been the hope of all new, small nations. Its Covenant guaranteed the inviolability of their hard-won frontiers. A decade later, when Greece and Turkey had settled their differences, they, too, joined the Balkan community that looked to Geneva for protection.

And there was other, more tangible protection then, for France, bound by treaties with the Little Entente which she had founded, tacitly allied with the newer Balkan Entente, had promised to intervene with ships and men if need arose. That promise stood between the Succession States and Pan-Germanism—the restoration of the hated Hapsburgs on the one hand; *anschluss* (union between Germany and Austria) on the other.

Shifting Powers—By 1934 that picture of sublime safety had changed to one of insecurity and doubt. England, no longer bitter against the Central Powers, inclined to make her peace with them, had withdrawn to her traditional shelter of "honest broker" opportunism, weakening the League. Japan, marching into Manchuria, had dealt a staggering blow at Geneva. Austria and Hungary, eying their lost lands, had swung into the Italian orbit. Pan-Germanism, latent in the Weimar Republic, had reappeared with Hitler. Poland had strayed into the Nazi camp. Only France remained true, and with her a new ally, Russia.

Trouble meanwhile had arisen from another quarter. The ex-Socialist sergeant who stalked into Rome in 1922—to become dictator of Italy cast longing eyes upon Napoleon's Illyria across the Adriatic,

Literary Digest Map

Nations in the Balkan and Little Ententes find Germany and Italy too close for comfort

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where the poet d'Annunzio had wrested the port of Fiume and a million Serbs and Slovenes from the Southern Slavs. Il Duce zealously courted Albania; with heavy loans and technical experts he helped rebuild her ports and defenses, set up King Zog I as his puppet.

With one foot in Yugoslavia's backyard, he next turned his attention farther east. Italian money and an Italian Queen contrived to keep Bulgaria from political union with her neighbors. An attempt to woo Rumania with reminders of a common Latin origin met, thanks to the alert Titulescu, with less success. Nevertheless, the Italian menace had become as real to the Balkans as Germany's much older *drang nach östen*.

As both menaces grew, and as the League withered and allies became disaffected or distracted, problems bobbed up in each of the Little Entente countries to sap security from within.

Disturbing Moves—Slovaks rebelled against Czech rule, some finding it little more to their liking than the Magyars'; their leaders were thrown in jail. The two million and a half Germans on the fringe of Bohemia roused themselves to clamor for union with the Fatherland. Poland, always anti-Czech, threw her bulk like a shadow athwart the path that joined Prague and Moscow, as Germany had always barred the route to friendly France. Czechoslovakia was surrounded.

Croats rebelled against Serb rule, recalling that under Budapest they had had a common religion with their masters, more freedom. Their leader, Stephan Raditch, was shot down in the Skupshtina (Parliament) in Belgrade; mourners who attempted to parade at his funeral in Zagreb were slain; Roman Catholic Croats talked of autonomy, of complete independence, of union with Austria under the Hapsburgs.

Rumanian peasants rebelled against their fickle King, making an issue of his unpopular Jewish mistress, Lupescu; tho their rebellion was confined to the polls and a few street brawls and *pogroms*. Rumania's allies saw her wavering, first toward Hitler, then toward Mussolini; feared for what might happen if Titulescu ever left the scene.

Now comes 1936, packed with trouble. London, without previously consulting Paris, signs a naval treaty with Berlin. The French, feeling betrayed, lean more closely to Italy, seeking a trustworthy ally against a rapidly rearming Reich. Poland, torn between fear of both Germany and Soviet Russia, fears Moscow the more, signs a ten-year treaty with Hitler. Still, France and Russia will help the little fellows, against Germany, at any rate.

Aware of these problems, the statesmen of the two unhappy Ententes tried at Belgrade to weave a united front that would hide their own doubts and differences. It was not easy. The Serbs, fearing Italy more than Germany, the Croat-Catholic-Hapsburg link more than *anschluss*, prefer the latter if forced to choose. The Czechs, realizing that Otto is far less powerful than Hitler, want anything but *anschluss*. The Rumanians, farther to the east, are obsessed by their hatred of Magyars and Bulgars. Greeks and Turks, both Mediterranean peoples, dread the new Cæsar whose shadow eclipses that of the little known Fuehrer.

Sensing this division from within, the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* gloats: "This time it will not be so simple (Yugoslavia, at least, does not want it to be so) to blow a smoke-screen over the profound differences through the medium of meaningless phrases."

Acme

Col. Fulgencio Batista (left) and Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin . . . used to be friends

CUBA'S YOUTH PROBLEM

Students and Professor Shoot It Out as Batista Fights Schools

A speeding car, bearing four youths, crept up on another automobile one day last week near the imposing pillared façade of the University of Havana, Cuba. In the shadow of the seated bronze figure of *Alma Mater*, the youths opened fire.

Two bullets grazed the head of Dr. Evelio Luis Barrena, strict, martial-minded scholar, commissioned by the Government to reopen the University on May 10.

When the professor and his chauffeur returned the fire, the car shot down the palm-fringed boulevard, crashed into a cart, and was abandoned, while its occupants fled on foot. Within, behind a heap of arms and ammunition, lay pamphlets issued by the revolutionary students of Havana.

Cubans were once more reminded that between the Government of this revolt-torn little island in the Caribbean Sea and its higher-educated youth no love is lost. So intense, in fact, has been this feud, that since December, 1930, every university, normal and high school in the country has been clamped shut with padlocks.

Old Grudge—Revolt smoldered in Cuban halls of learning as far back as 1927, when "iron man" Gerardo Machado, hulking, square-jawed dictator, held the island in his grip.

Under Dr. Carlos Mendieta, University head, and Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, bachelor dean of the Medical College, Havana students organized into a militant *Union Nacionalista* (Nationalist Union) and directed a broadside of criticism against the Administration.

Students, armed to the teeth, led the successive waves of rebellion that swept, first Machado, then his henchmen from the land. Following "the revolt of the sergeants" in September, 1933, Sergeant Fulgencio Batista, thirty-year-old barber, tailor, carpenter, stenographer, and soldier, combined with a hastily-formed Student Directorate to set up a new government under Dr. Grau San Martin.

Within a year, small, dark-skinned Sergeant Batista—elevated to colonelcy—eased out the student government and once more snapped padlocks on classroom doors. The faculty scribbled out their resignations and resigned in a body.

Dr. Grau San Martin fled to Tampa, where he organized the Cuban Revolutionary Party, called the *Autenticos*, the "genuine" rebels. Since then he has flooded both the island and the continent with handbills, adorned with morgue photographs of bullet-stitched Cuban students, and depicting Batista as an ogre, America's gaunt Ambassador Jefferson Caffery as his guiding Mephistopheles.

He charges that newly-elected President Miguel Mariano Gomez, to be inaugurated on May 20, is Batista's puppet, a wax figure in the hands of a new military dictator.

IMPERIAL SNUB Tho Emperor Rebukes War-Lords, His Army Still Sways Militant Japan

Through the *Marunouchi*, Tokyo's busiest section, police last week swept a swath, a mile long and two blocks wide, as bare of inhabitants as the Sahara.

Then, a crimson Rolls-Royce streaked out of the Imperial Palace gardens, across the ancient stone moat, and down the desolate avenues. Armed guards on red motorcycles flanked it, while soldiers diverted traffic, scrutinizing houses and gardens

With screeching brakes the procession drew up before Tokyo's weather-beaten Diet building; and Hirohito, lanky, bird-like Emperor of 67,000,000 worshipful Japanese, was hurried inside.

Since he was fired on by a deranged youth twelve years ago, he has remained virtually invisible to his subjects.

Imperial Regrets—Only the 466 members of the newly-elected Diet, standing stiffly at attention in their morning coats, saw him last week as he opened the new session. But a shudder ran through the Capital when it was learned, the next day, that, shattering 2,500 years of imperial precedent, the young Emperor had delicately, but publicly, rebuked his Army.

"We regret," he said in restrained tones, "the incident that occurred in Tokyo last February."

Uneasily, Tokyo recalled the dark, snowy night, when 900 young officers, attempting a Fascist *coup d'état*, shot down Karekiyo Takahashi, veteran, white-bearded Finance Minister, and other high officials. Uneasily, it realized that with the city still under martial law, resultant lesions of the uprising had been glossed over but not yet cured.

The Army, subject of nearly all the

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speeches in opening days of the Diet, caused alert Nipponese citizens still another headache. They knew that, last year, the Empire's aggressive military forces had drained an overtaxed nation of $402,000,000, a staggering 70 per cent. of total government revenues.

This year, while strained Osaka business men shook their heads, Gen. Juichi Terauchi, bald, smiling little Minister of War, was prepared to ask an increase of 27 per cent.

Heavy Pride—To Japan's 27,000,000 tax-crushed peasants, the Army is at once a pride and a burden.

Every year, 600,000 of their sons between twenty and twenty-two are called to Army posts, where, divested of kimonos and clogs, they stand before doctors who thump their chests and peer down their throats.

Every year, 110,000, after passing physical tests, are uniformed in trim leather belts and greenish khaki; and, accompanied by cheering relatives, bearing sail-like banners with patriotic inscriptions, are marched off to the barracks.

Here, these youths, accustomed to squatting on mats under thatched roofs, are plunged into a new and breathless life. With clipped hair, scrubbed and polished, they learn to eat from Western tables, and sleep on Western cots in immaculate buildings fused of concrete and glass.

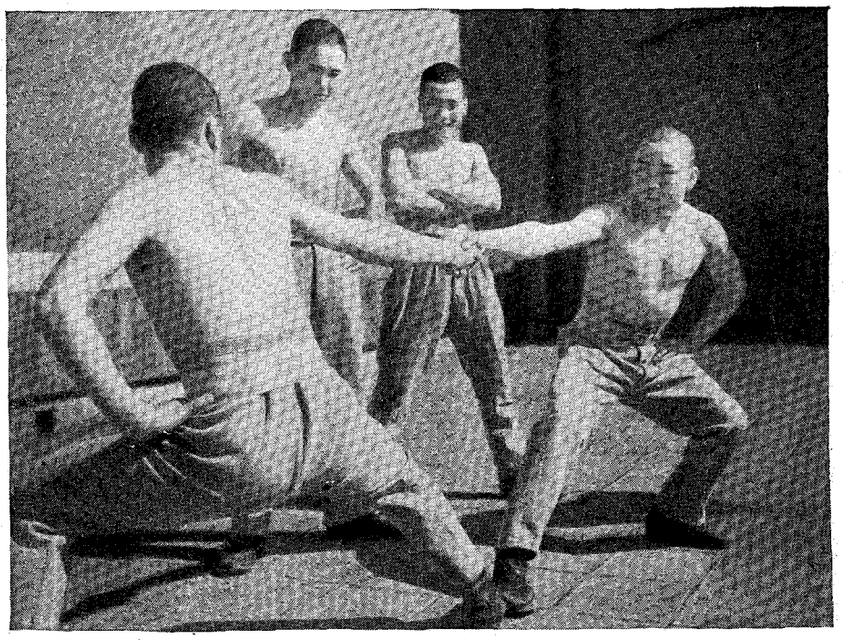
On barrack-roofs they practise sports, wrestle, and engage in ju-jutsu, intricate Japanese art of self-defense. On sanded barrack-grounds they learn the mechanical mysteries of modern warfare.

Tho they eat, dress, and drill like recruits of any other nation, they soak up, during these two years, a vastly different psychology.

Nippon's Idol—Once Japan's fighting men were restricted to blue-blooded *samurai*, two-handed swordsmen, arrogant of their training in the most subtle of sword maneuvers. In 1868, however, with the abolition of feudalism in the island Empire, this warrior caste was swept away by universal conscription.

Wide World

The Emperor of Japan—supreme ruler of Army and Navy, yet a man of peace



Natori Photo from Black Star

The peasant boys leave their farm huts to drill in barracks of crystal and glass

Since 1905, when the plebeian army proved itself superior to the ancient *samurai* in the Russo-Japanese war, the simple peasant-boy soldier has been the nation's pet. Even a good portion of the officers are drawn from this peasant stock, sent through Tokyo's Imperial Military Academy, and tagged with the gilt-braided shoulder-straps which they hold dearer than life.

Plebeian tho the Army may be, it still is infused with the fanatic patriotic fire of the old *samurai*. The monks of medieval Europe were daily exhorted with three precepts: Poverty, chastity, obedience. Nippon's soldiers are drilled in five: Loyalty, discipline, courage, fidelity, and frugality.

Above all, they are taught that nothing is so sweet as sacrificing one's life for the Empire.

To inculcate this spirit, officers maintain a "big brother" attitude toward their men. Minor infractions are never punished. No Nipponese soldier goes to the "brig" for a missing button, an unshaven chin, or a smudge of dust brushed from behind a radiator on an inspecting officer's glove. Even a mild alcoholic spree is forgiven.

Instead, officers win confidence by constant surveillance over the health and comfort of their troops. They lend them money, consult with their families on farm problems, eat practically the same food—rice and fish, costing nine cents a meal—and, like them, practise an almost ascetic devotion to the martial arts. Even a general earns but $250 a month.

Colonel's Men—No wonder, then, that when peasants need a new irrigation ditch, a new bridge or a road, they go not to their politicians—notoriously corrupted by graft—but to the stern, friendly colonel of the local barracks.

"Politicians get into office by giving the peasant a yen or a glass of beer on election day—and then forget about him," say the rural philosophers of Japan. "An Army officer is there because he knows his trade."

Army heads, of course, do nothing to shatter this faith in the wearers of gilt-braid, this contempt for the elected servants of the people. Three principles dinned into every recruit are:

1. That democracy is a weak and corrupt form of government, scorned by virile nations.
2. That politicians are irrevocably crooked and unreliable.
3. That young nations must expand.

To foreigners who look upon this as Fascism, bound to thrust the nation under the military dictatorship attempted in the February revolt, Japanese officers retort that the Army's functions are not solely military. Aid to communities stricken by cyclones, floods, crop-failure, and soil-erosion—in most countries administered by the Red Cross—is supplied in the Nipponese Archipelago by soldiers.

Iron Control—Hence, the Army's grip upon the affection of the Empire.

In fact, so strong is this grip that, unlike every other major nation, the Japanese Constitutional Administration has no control over its armed forces. The Minister of War serves less as a Cabinet Member than as a watch-dog for the military within government halls.

Should he withdraw, the Cabinet falls. Should the Army balk—as it did after the February *putsch*—no new Cabinet can be formed until its demands are appeased.

Hence, the Premier and other high officials are frequently unaware of the Army's movements. Often, as during the skirmishes along the Siberian border last month, the Army strikes first, and tells Tokyo about it afterward.

For authority, the soldiery turns directly to the Emperor himself. Oddly enough, he is profoundly a man of peace, who chose as the name of his reign, *Showa*, "Enlightened Peace." But, between him and his 250,000 regulars, 1,000 planes, 226 warships, and 2,700,000 reserves stands the Supreme Military Council, composed of generals and admirals to "advise the Emperor on all matters pertaining to war."

And some say that, despite all imperial homage and pomp, it is they, not he, who rules in the ancient, militant Empire of the Son of Heaven.

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HOPPING OFF TO A DANCE ON THE MOON

Rocket Enthusiasts Envisage Travel at 4,000 Miles an Hour

John Shesta, engineer of the American Rocket Society, constructing the motor of a rocket; three of the four nozzles, from which flame jets during flight, are shown

Mr. Jones clumps fretfully about his New York penthouse garden, glancing anxiously at his watch. It is 10:36 A.M., and he has an epochal business-luncheon engagement at Maxim's in Paris. The family conveyance is not in sight, for the simple reason that *Miss Euphrony Jones,* the only child, borrowed it to attend a dance on the moon last night, and has not returned.

But even as he reproaches himself for such an offspring, she thuds to rest at his feet, as suddenly and violently as some *genie* summoned by magic lamp. The chauffeur, an M.A. in astronautics, clamps on a fresh fuel-chamber. *Mr. Jones* hops in, closes the trap-door. There is a popping noise, a wisp of smoke, and he is off for France at slightly more than 4,000 miles an hour, wondering how long he can stave off *Mrs. Jones's* campaign for a new rocket-car with scarlet chromium air-vents.

An amusing but impossible picture, says the man in the street. When is it supposed to be—the year 2936? You may live to see it, retort the patient pioneers of rocketry in seventeen countries. Last week their amazing progress, their earnest plans, and their high hopes for the future were revealed in a book, "Rockets Through Space" (Simon & Schuster: New York), by Phil E. Cleator, a wiry, earnest young Briton, himself a pioneer.

Skeptics Answered—What this handful of intrepid experimenters has done in the last half dozen years goes far toward answering the sneering queries of skeptics. Two years ago, the American Rocket Society, pioneer among pioneers, shot a giant ten-foot needle more than a mile from a sandy Staten Island beach into lower New York Bay. That trail-blazing rocket, whistling through space at more than 700 feet a second, faster than the speed of sound, opened up new vistas to the little group that huddled proudly beside the take-off tower. What could they not do with an improved projectile, a truer launching tower, and more of the same magic fuel?

That magic fuel solved a problem which once seemed insurmountable. The old gunpowder and dynamite formulas had always raised the objection that they were too heavy and too dangerous for practical sky-rocketing. Eventually experimenters evolved a combination of fluids—gasoline or alcohol, burned with pure, liquid oxygen.

This mixture yielded about ten times as much power, weight for weight, as nitroglycerin or TNT, but it was safe, because the fuels could explode only when brought together, and that happened only in the special burning chamber which, with its exhaust nozzle, is called the "motor" of the rocket, and which already has sped a rocket more than two miles.

But many more problems remain to be solved before man can breakfast in Sheboygan and dine in Shanghai.

Hard-working scientists in the United States, England, Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Italy, Australia, Holland, Japan, and many another land are striving with the limited capital at their disposal to solve them.

Leading Experimenters—Most famous of the American experimenters is Dr. Robert Hutchings Goddard, bald, stocky physicist of Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts, long-time friend of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. His researches, begun in 1909 with funds supplied in part by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., are now being carried on at Mescalero Ranch, near Roswell, New Mexico. Yearly grants from the Guggenheim Fund support them, and last Christmas Doctor Goddard was able to report successful rocket shots of a mile or more, in gyroscopically-controlled metal projectiles powered with gasoline and liquid oxygen.

Another American pioneer in the field is G. Edward Pendray, President of the American Rocket Society, of which Doctor Goddard and virtually all other experimenters are members. John Shesta, tall, lanky, serious-minded Russian-born engineer, is chief of the Society's experimental board of strategy. He it was who designed the rocket that now holds the world speed record.

In little Austria, two men are driving slowly but surely toward the goal of practical sky-rocketing. One, bluff, burly Hermann Oberth, began his labors years ago in Germany; when the Republic became Hitler's Third Reich he moved his laboratory tools to the land of Der Fuehrer's birth. Nearby in Graz, another engineer, Fritz Schmiedl, has established a rocket mail line that works, regularly shooting letters across a mountain peak, two miles by air, fifteen by road.

Giant Bottles—Already, these men are able to answer many of the doubts raised by laymen. Scientists point out that liquid oxygen, which they believe offers the key to a fuel practicable for all future purposes, altho it evaporates quickly in room temperature, can be transported in giant thermos bottles.

The "rocketeers" believe that new metals will be perfected soon, more ideally suited to the construction of their projectiles than the aluminum now commonly used. Every year, sturdier alloys are being hammered out, to withstand unprecedented heat, cold, and strain.

To the inevitable query whether men could stand the shock of 4,000-miles-an-hour speed, the experimenters quickly reply that chickens, rabbits, mice, as well as four husky young Germans, have survived it, either in actual rockets or in centrifuges contrived to duplicate the experience.

One mountain-peak which looms forbiddingly large on the rocket-masters' horizon is lack of public enthusiasm. Like aviators of another not so distant day, the experimenters have been sorely handicapped by scarcity of funds and open ridicule. Governments, even more than individuals, have turned deaf ears to pleas for subsidies given as a matter of course in other fields of science.

The ridicule of the public sometimes runs into something far more serious. The home of one American experimenter was ransacked twice by police last summer because neighbors accused him of secreting a ton of high explosives in his cellar. Proving-fields have to be moved often, because crowds gather, then householders complain. They consider the scientists impractical dreamers anyway—just shooting at the moon.

Stratosphere Goal—And for the present they are content to shoot at the moon. They have shot liquid fuel rockets more than a mile and one-half into the air, and they firmly believe they can soon send one into the stratosphere.

Rockets, they point out, are ideally suited to the task of collecting scientific data above the clouds. For one thing, they cost considerably less than stratospheric balloons. Moreover, they can be shot repeatedly, and at no risk of human life, for they carry self-recording instruments aloft, snap telescopic and motion-picture cameras, and flutter back to earth on parachutes or on folding wings that unfold and rotate like those of an autogiro.

Projectiles have been perfected which, upon landing, emit continuous radio waves, so that they may be readily traced to out-of-the-way places. Another factor in their favor is that, because they work by recoil—the force that makes a shotgun kick—they need no air to push against; hence can fly and navigate in the thinnest air, or even in airless space.

How soon greater, more ambitious things can be done depends, experimenters agree,

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on the money to back research. Some believe that, with $100,000 a year for five years, they could shoot unmanned rockets across the ocean, loaded with mail or express. The moon is somewhat more remote, for Mr. Cleator estimates that for every twenty tons transported to that planet, 4,380 tons of fuel would be required. And the cost of such a rocket, he fears, would be about $100,000,000.

The skeptics who have seen these amazing "flying needles" soar in two-mile arcs scoff that they will never be able to stay aloft long enough to be practical. Their fathers hurled the same taunt at the Wright brothers when the first "flying machine" plopped to earth after soaring considerably less than two miles.

HARDY QUINTUPLETS They Symbolize Triumph of Science Over Older Forms of Care

Romping boisterously in their nursery at Callander, Ontario, the five most famous babies of modern history last week approached their second birthday, May 27, with every evidence they are among the healthiest in the world.

Products of a simple but highly scientific care, the Dionne quintuplets showed at the beginning of their twenty-fourth month they had as firm a grip on life as any modern baby specialist could desire.

Cecile, Marie, Yvonne and Annette had fourteen teeth each; Emilie had thirteen, but another was poking its way through.

"They are healthy and normal in every way," Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the kindly, little hazel-eyed country physician of Callander, reported last week.

"They are full of vitality and pep. Their cheeks are a rosy red. They are bubbling with mischief, and have learned to stick out their tongues . . . which, by the way, we are trying to cure."

Had the quintuplets been born twenty years ago baby specialists doubt their second year would find them so healthy, if alive. Had they been given to the care of their back country mother even to-day their health would be problematical.

Mrs. Oliva Dionne, if she had her way, would give the little girls thick soups, cooked vegetables, rice and "all the milk they can drink." Doctor Dafoe, she thinks, gives them only "greenish mush," feeds them too little.

The "greenish mush," Doctor Dafoe retorts, is nothing more than "good, heavy, thick pea soup." In addition he gives them fruit, fruit juices, strained vegetables, cereal, a variety of foods carefully chosen to balance the diet. All of this is washed down by a quart of milk a day.

What the Dionne "quints" are undergoing is merely an example of the changing profession of motherhood the world over. For the last decade baby doctors, acting under the impact of science, have been riding roughshod over age-old baby rules.

Scientific study of infantile disease has effected the change. Twenty years ago mothers used to talk with dread of "marasmus," "summer complaint," "cholera infantum," and rickets.

Illnesses Conquered—Summer complaint and cholera infantum were cured by substituting Pasteurized for raw milk. Marasmus was found to be only severe malnutrition, caused by infection, improper diet. Good milk and proper feeding removed the dread of the second summer. Rickets were overcome by Vitamin D in cod-liver oil or substitutes. Scurvy was checked by Vitamin C in orange juice.

Because mothers and doctors thought they produced "sour stomach," acid foods were strictly forbidden for babies twenty years ago. Lime-water was used instead. Now doctors prescribe orange and lemon juice in the second month. By the board has gone the old lime-water dose which, instead of "sweetening" the stomach, produced the opposite effect.

Most startling to to-day's grandmothers, however, is the age at which baby specialists begin feeding "solid" foods. A generation ago a shaver of five or six months got cow's milk, sugar, barley-water, lime-water. Now he gets cod-liver oil within the first days of his life, orange juice within the first weeks, cereal about the second or third month, egg yolk and pureed vegetables and fruit soon after.

Since fat babies are not necessarily healthy, the modern baby specialist is careful not to feed his charges too much. Forty-five to fifty calories of energy a pound is the usual diet. Some experts believe that the diet should be changed according to the weight and not the age of the infant.

To all of which mothers usually rebel, and the chief rebel at the moment is Mrs. Oliva Dionne as she glimpses her sturdy offspring romping about on the eve of another mile-stone.

Acme Photos

What should the Dionne quintuplets eat? Both Mrs. Dionne and Doctor Dafoe have an answer

ANTIQUITIES LOST Boys Carelessly Shatter Precious Relics of Ancient Americans

Two Arkansas farm lads, digging for "buried treasure" in an odd-looking mound near Fort Smith, came by accident upon some bones. Eagerly scooping out the sandy loam, they discovered before them the partly-mummified skeleton of a man long since dead, his bleached chest covered by a crumbling bow, some spears, and an assortment of what looked like stone pipes. In the town they told their yarn, and curio-hunters commissioned them to dig until they had unearthed hundreds of such skeletons.

Archeologists, learning of the discovery with dismay, rushed to Fort Smith, identified some of the relics as possibly of Maya or Inca workmanship, fumed because the mummy (a great warrior, they felt certain) had powdered to dust in the hasty hands of the two boys. The story of how precious bits of Central American carvings and pottery reached Arkansas was forever lost.

The tragedy of this and hundreds of similar examples of amateur excavating over the United States is that the relics themselves are of no scientific value. The clews to their identity and connection with prehistoric man depend on their location, the layers of soil in which they lie, and their relation to other objects. Trained men would have spent months removing the Arkansas mound-mummy, patiently wiping away the dirt with camel's-hair brushes.

War on Vandalism—Last week Dr. Frank Maryl Setzler, stocky young archeologist of the United States National Museum, declared war in the name of all his American *confrères* against such vandalism. With Dr. William Duncan Strong, Smithsonian Institution anthropologist, he wrote an article for *American Antiquity*, protesting that scientists now find themselves racing with roadside skull-vendors to recover the lost pages of American history.

Despite ignorance, interference, and lack of funds, these men of science already have recovered at least fragments of these lost pages. They know that even before the last Ice Age, more than 20,000 years ago, man may have lived in America. When he was transformed from huntsman to farmer, his descendants spread from the Southwest into the Southeast and Northeast, building the mysterious mounds of the Mississippi Valley, founding prehistoric civilizations in Florida, Virginia, and New England.

In 1906 the Federal Government forbade unauthorized digging on public lands; the law is difficult to enforce and, in any case, does not protect relics on private property. In Scandinavia, France, Italy, and many other parts of Europe, archeological remains long since have been declared national property. Even Mexico is ahead of her northern neighbor in this respect.

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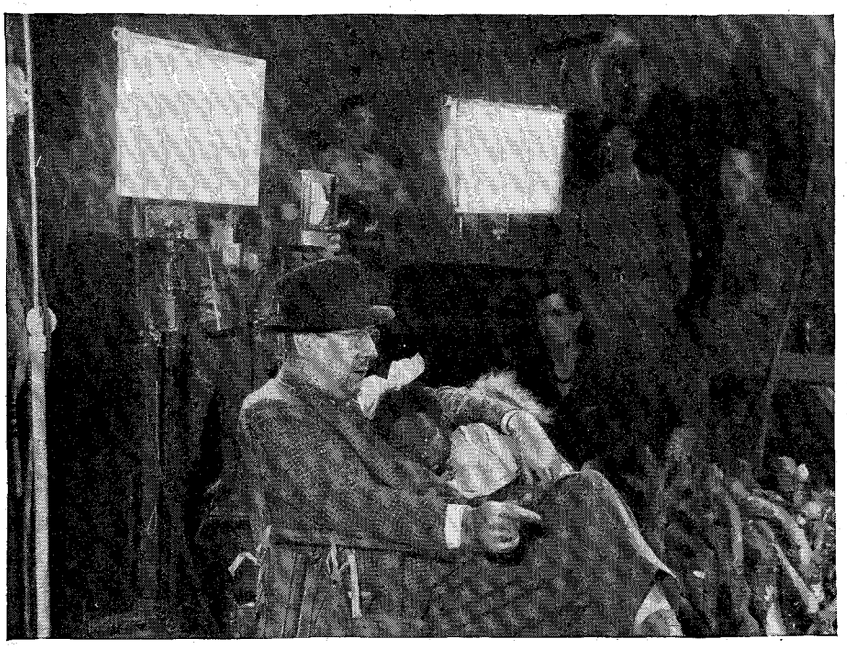
"THE GREEN PASTURES" MAJESTIC FILM

Author of Play Triumphs in Creating a Hollywood "Heaven"



Behind "The Green Pastures": Marc Connelly, with one of the baby "angels," surveys his "heaven" of grassy fields, moss-hung trees, and fleecy clouds

It took Hollywood five years to make up its mind to film "The Green Pastures," six weeks to make the picture. In New Orleans, late this month, the world première of the photoplay will take place. No Louisiana executive, no invited member of that first audience will see the pain and discouragement that dogged the filming for more than forty days.

Closed tightly now are the white gates of the "heaven" on the Warner Brothers studio lot where *De Lawd* lived with his angels, where the world was created again, man was made, Noah survived the great flood, and the Battle of Jericho was fought.

The finished film is a magnificent motion-picture, retaining in every foot of its length the majesty and simple beauty of the stage play. Six years ago Marc Connelly wrote it. He wrote it because Roark Bradford became a close friend of an aging Negro minister in New Orleans and took delight in his colloquial versions of Bible incidents.

Breach of Tradition—Mr. Bradford made these Old Testament stories into a book, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." Mr. Connelly made the play from the book. The Warners made the film from the play. It was a courageous experiment, for all Hollywood had long since learned that all-Negro pictures or films with "heaven" scenes in them were not robust financial successes. "The Green Pastures" seems destined to end that bankrupt tradition.

The whole of America, with the exception of one Texas town, applauded the humble folk play. It was seen in 203 cities for a total of 1,779 performances. Its receipts approximated $3,000,000. At the end of its first season in New York the Pulitzer Prize was awarded to the play.

When the play received the prize, the icy aloofness of the motion-picture makers began to melt. Theretofore, they had made no bids for the film rights. When the play went out and played big towns and small to ecstatic audiences, the barriers crashed. Mr. Connelly soon was elbows deep in written bids.

Late in 1935, he completed arrangements with the Warners. It was a one-way contract: Connelly's way. In addition to unusually favorable financial terms, it provided also that the author should write the screen adaptation, select the players, direct the entire production without interference.

Building "Heaven"—The ink of the signatures still was damp when the author went into action. He ordered the studio designers to construct a "heaven." He made it plain that he would kick down any white towers, scuff up any streets of gold. He demanded, and got, a "heaven" of grassy fields through which coursed a pleasant, cool brook in which catfish swam and over which moss-hung trees draped. He specified clouds which must be fleecy and yet substantial enough to support a pair of husky Negro actors.

More than 200 Negro actors were cast, ranging from tiny babies scarcely able to walk, to tall, broad-shouldered, muscular Rex Ingram. Ingram was cast as *De Lawd*. No Richard Harrison was available, the venerable old Pullman porter-schoolteacher who created the rôle having died. The Pullmans have, however, contributed another important player: Abraham Gleaves, for twenty-eight years in the railroad service. Mr. Connelly found him on a westbound Pullman and offered Gleaves the rôle of the *Archangel*.

The studio's technical experts remained pale for weeks. One problem after another rose to try their nerves and challenge their ingenuity. In one extremity, they were forced to freeze a snake.

The wings of the "angels," the fleece of the clouds kept them awake nights.

They still remember those clouds. They were more perplexing than the whole of the production problems in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" put together. They were made of cotton, at first. When they were photographed they looked exactly like what they were: cotton batting. Connelly ordered them destroyed. Technicians then experimented with synthetic studio fog, cellophane, smoke from dry ice, and other fragile materials.

Connelly, in despair, suggested crêpe-hair, popularly used by actors to make mustaches, beards, and side-burns. They were tried, they were a success.

In the stage play when a Negro mammy called to her cherub to "come right down off'n dat cloud," he ran out to her from the wings. In the picture, the cherub clambers down off what will look to be an authentic, fleecy cloud.

The frozen snake was a sudden inspiration. Magic was required in the scene in which Moses, with his brother, Aaron, appears before "ol' King Pharaoh of Egypt." They were to plead for the freedom of the children of Israel. Pharaoh was to demand that they out-trick him in a duel of magic.

Moses was to lay down an ordinary walking stick, wave his hands over it, mumble some abracadabra and the stick was to become a writhing serpent. On the stage, rubber snakes were used. They looked like rubber snakes in the film.

Magic—Finally, a real snake was bought. His fangs were drawn, he was put beneath a covering of chilling blankets. The scene was filmed up to the point where the stick was put on the floor before Pharaoh's throne. The cameras were stopped, the stick was removed, the glacéd asp was substituted. Out of range of the camera lens, two enormous sun-arc lamps blazed down. Swiftly they warmed the snake, he writhed realistically, the cameras turned.

The author-director had a long talk with his cast just before filming the storm which started the flood. He knew, from experience, that Negroes sometimes react excitedly to lightning flashes and crashing thunder. Carefully, he explained the harmlessness of the studio storm. They nodded, understood.

On the last day of the sixth week, the cameras turned on the final scene. The film was tucked into a can.

Two nights later Connelly boarded a train for New York. His porter was Gleaves, the *Archangel*. Heading South through Texas was Ingram, *De Lawd*. Ingram had saved his salary checks, invested them in a trailer for his automobile. He christened it the *Silver Cloud*.

MURDER MIXTURE "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" Filmed With New Angles

After many trials by an assortment of scenarists, "The Case Against Mrs. Ames" has become a motion-picture. Walter Wanger made it for Paramount release, Gene Towne and Graham Baker completed the finally-accepted script.

Arthur Somers Roche wrote the novel of a San Francisco woman of society wrongfully accused of the murder of her husband. The assistant district attorney who loses the case, and his job, determines to learn the truth. She counters by offering him $25,000 to do exactly that. Always

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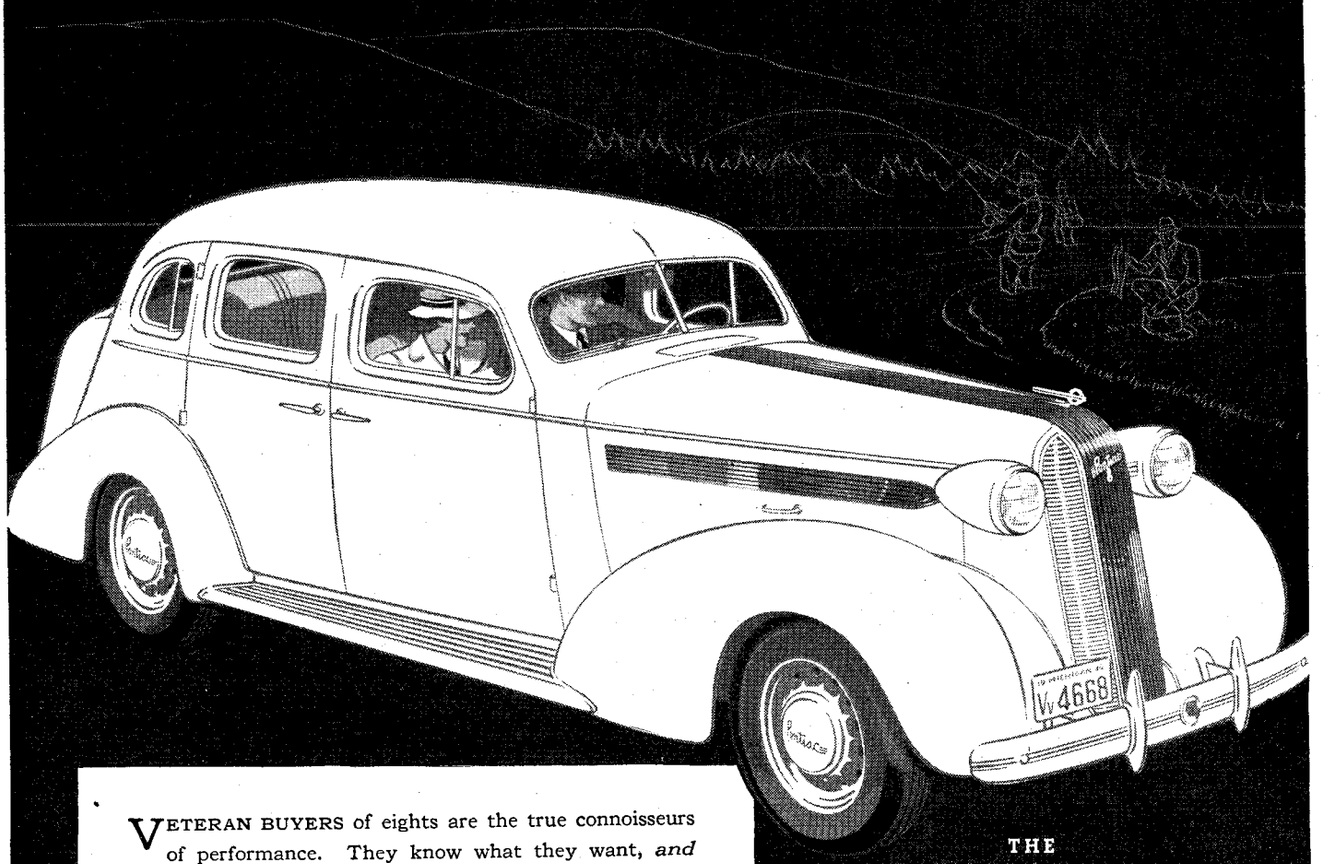

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Illustrated above—the 1936 De Luxe Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan $840. List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard equipment. Monthly payments to suit your purse on the General Motors Installment Plan. Standard group of accessories extra. A General Motors Value.

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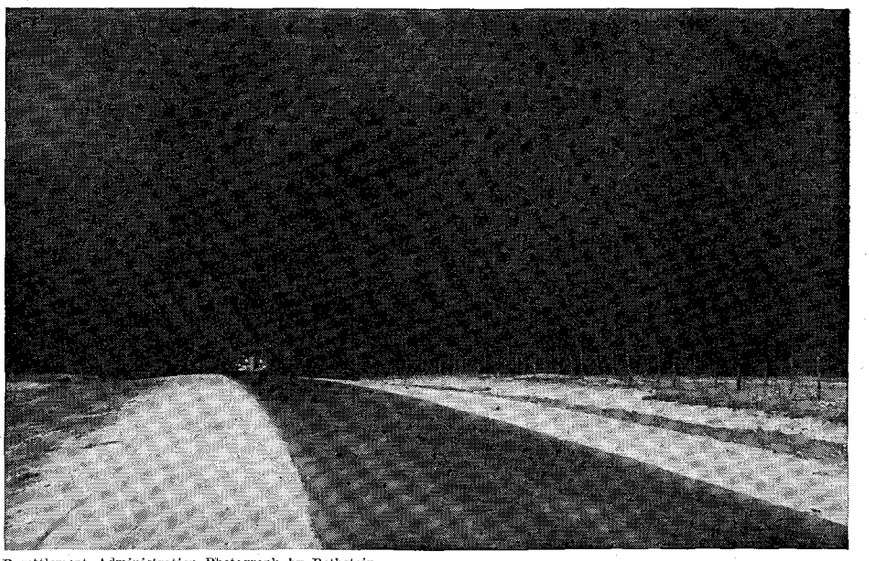
suspecting that she actually committed the murder, he comes, in the end, to learn that her defense counsel in the trial actually killed *Ames*. The film gets a routine romantic ending.

The scenarists have adroitly worked in several aspects of the Vanderbilt-Whitney custody hearings, and at least the groundwork of one real murder recently on the front pages. This news treatment serves to give an otherwise normal program film a feature interest.

Madeleine Carroll and George Brent share the responsibility of the star rôles, receiving able support from, particularly, Beulah Bondi as the mother of the slain man and grandmother of the child whose custody she demands.

DUST-STORM FILM U. S. Pictures Processes on Plains Leading to Tragedy



Resettlement Administration Photograph by Rothstein

Dust-storm over Texas

The United States Government, working through the Resettlement Administration, has just completed its first motion-picture document. In doing so, it trails Germany, France, England, and Russia in the technique of documenting national conditions in film, leads them in results.

The complete picture, a history of the conditions contributing to the dust-storms ravaging the Western plains, has caused enthusiastic Government comment. It also has evoked enthusiastic Hollywood comment. Directors, used to the perfection of commercial films, described it as "worthy in every respect to be shown in public theaters along with our product."

The story for "The Plow That Broke the Plains" and the direction are by Pare Lorentz, nationally known film-critic and commentator. A Hollywood producer, after seeing the film, agreed with the directors, and added this:

"We resent many things the Administration is doing. That is why the film never will be booked into our commercial theaters. We would not release your picture even if it were 'Ben Hur,' unless, of course, we happened to need the use of five submarines for a Navy picture."

Camera Expert—Mr. Lorentz had the cooperation of Ralph Steiner and Paul Strand as cameramen. Mr. Steiner, ordinarily a still cameraman, had shot one motion-picture before, "Pie in the Sky," for the Group Theater of New York. Mr. Strand had made films for Russia and the Mexican Government and is a protégé of Alfred Steiglitz.

They entered Montana last September, worked into Wyoming, on the wings of a blizzard, shot scenes in Colorado, Western Kansas and the Texas Panhandle, from which they were blown by high winds and choking dust.

Old Technique—The film is in three reels, the Director used the old cinema technique of telling a story in pictures. Music is used as an explanatory and emotional accompaniment. In 2,700 feet of film there are but 700 words of dialog.

Music for the picture was supplied by Virgil Thomson, friend of Gertrude Stein and composer for her opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts." Mr. Thomson went back to the basic plains themes for his music in the picture, and wove in the old cattle and dirt-farmer songs. There is a brief period of authentic war music (as opposed to popular Tin Pan Alley war music) and each dust-storm scene has a thematic hymn which runs through the picture.

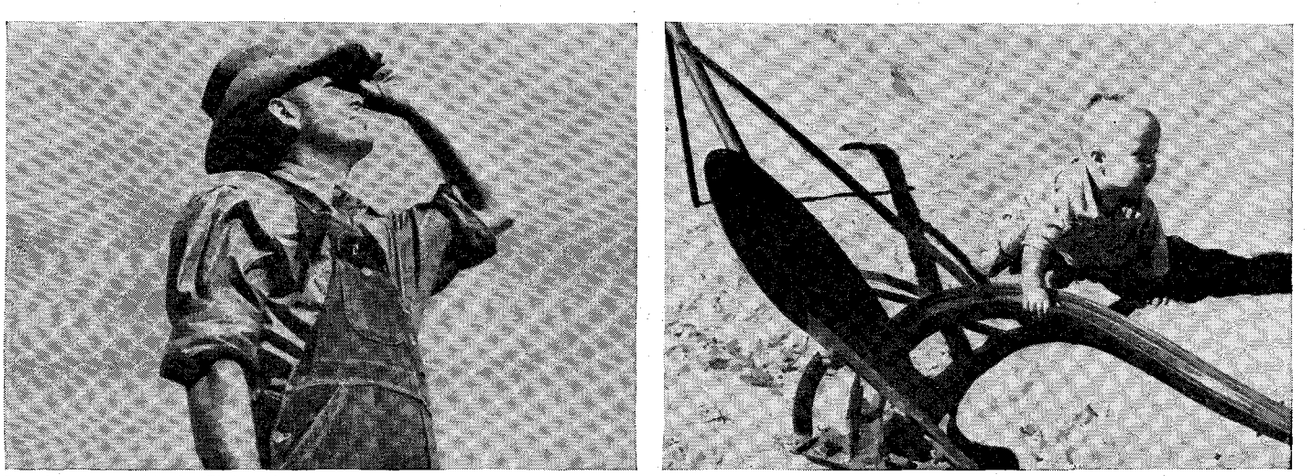
No professional players were engaged or used. The cameramen and Director used the plains people as they found them. One exceptional performance was made by Bam White, a seventy-two-year-old from the Texas Panhandle. They found him leaning dejectedly against a plow. His dejection was only for the moment. After they knew him, they found a wiry, blunt-speaking old plainsman whose life and prophecies, curiously, matched the tenor of the film.

The Lorentz story is a factual representation of the long history of the storms. It begins with the migration of the great cattle herds to the plains, takes up the beginnings of mechanized farming, shows how the War started tragic overproduction of wheat and ends with the six years of drought which still continue and which accelerated the dust storms.

White knew all that. When he was twelve years old he was a range-rider for the old XIT Ranch. He saw the passing of the buffalo grass, the beginnings of trouble. In 1916-'17, when the ranch began selling off grazing lands for wheat production, he forecast overproduction, followed by drought and dust-storms. His dejection, that day against the plow, was not that he was broke and jobless and old but that he hadn't forecast more forcibly.

Real Tragedy—The plains people, for all their hopelessness, were not self-conscious about acting before cameras. Movie-wise, they thought it not at all strange that a film should be made of their plight and they, the real victims, should portray their own tragedy.

The ravages of the drought and storms have ripped thousands off the farms and set them on the highways in makeshift trailers



Resettlement Administration Photographs

The plains people . . . thought it not at all strange that a film should be made of their plight

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drawn by rickety old automobiles. They follow the crops, trying to earn enough for food, water, and gasoline. An almost endless parade of these was filmed as the line of driven people entered Northern California.

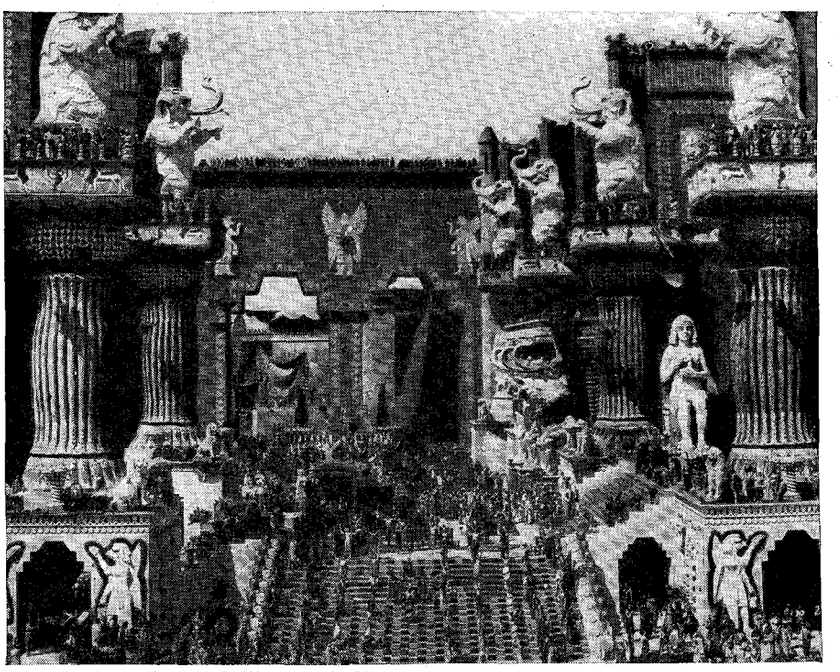
"They still have an enormous pride," said Mr. Lorentz.

"We stopped some as they went by and filmed them.

"When we talked to them we learned much of the cruel force that has blighted them."

President Roosevelt has indorsed the film, as has the Better Films Committee of the National Board of Review. It is looked upon in administration circles as "a modern tool of Government." Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, through whose department it was made, calls it "America's first documentary film."

It is the first such film accepted for the files of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, altho other government films have been submitted.



Photographs Courtesy Museum of Modern Art Film Library

The Feast of Belshazzar as depicted by D. W. Griffith in "Intolerance," produced in 1916

FILMS REBORN Parts of Old-Time Hits Screened Again at Museum

Soldiers, slaves, and maidens in vivid Babylonian dress moved in a glittering pageant across the screen. The detail and sweep of the animated setting, with its huge columns, pagan decorations, and sweeping terraces, seemed real beyond belief.

The subtitle said "The Feast of Belshazzar," and, viewed as it flickered into view, it might have been a sequence in the latest Cecil DeMille Biblical epic. Actually, it was one of the episodes of that classic of film classics of 1916—"Intolerance," from the megaphone of D. W. Griffith.

Of the 80,000,000 film fans in the United States there are 80,000 who have thrilled to the projection of this ancient picture in the last six months. They are devotees of such antique releases, and "Intolerance" was one of the first of a series of old motion-pictures which the Museum of Modern Art of New York has dug up and is circulating for them.

These programs are arranged by the Film Library of the Museum, which conceived the idea almost a year ago last week. Noting the popularity of old-time films resurrected in part and sandwiched in between Hollywood's latest products, the Museum's directors hit upon the idea of building up a visual history of the film industry from 1894 to the present day.

With the aid of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, they set about rummaging in odd corners for half-forgotten prints. Along with "Intolerance" were brought to light prints of "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), Sarah Bernhardt's "Queen Elizabeth," Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat," and early western "horse-operas" with William S. Hart.

Bookings Made—The first program was shown in New York in January, and thereafter bookings were made at small fees to museums, colleges, and study groups throughout the land.

The exhibition was made non-commercial by restricting it to accredited members of those organizations.

Rapidly two series of five programs were prepared. Last week the final program of the second series, winding up the season, was viewed in New York and sent out.

During April and May the programs were shown seventeen times a week, and in all, fifty-two institutions in twenty-one States have seen them.

Each film contains explanatory subtitles of fact and comment, and there are printed programs with notes and musical scores for silent films for the audience—all prepared by the Film Library. Last week, elated by the interest everywhere in the Library, John E. Abbott, its Director, and Iris Barry, Curator, prepared to leave for Europe. There they plan to acquire prints of new experimental as well as antique films to add to the collection.

Next year they will show ten programs.

Last May, in announcing the film library, the New York Museum Directors expressed the belief that movies, like painting, music, or the theater, constituted an art. Last week, rounding out a year, they felt the showing of these old pictures was doing more than anything else to make this a reality in the popular mind.

Heroines, good and evil: Mary Pickford in "The New York Hat," and Theda Bara, the "menace" in "A Fool There Was" (1914)

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Letters and Art

MAKER OF WORLD'S LARGEST ETCHINGS

Works of Schmutzer, Portrayer of Pre-War Royalty, on Display

The labor of working lines into a copper plate with biting, fuming acids makes etching one of the most strenuous and nerve-wracking of the pictorial arts.

Ferdinand Schmutzer, the celebrated Viennese etcher, had no great physique for this work. He was a slender man of medium height, dark-haired, with an affability of manner more like a matinée idol.

Yet he made the largest etchings in the world. Some of them average slightly less than three feet wide by four feet long. Nearest to them in size are the big plates of the British artist, Frank Brangwyn, which are only one-third as large.

To build up the necessary physical condition for his task the artist took long mountain climbing excursions in the Austrian Tyrol, and in Vienna he found the sweeping avenues and parks a fair substitute.

Favorite of Royalty—Favorite artist of German and Austrian royalty before the War, he used to close his high-ceilinged studio with its enormous printing-press in the Sternwartestrasse every summer and skip off to the north of Europe for a vacation.

He never crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and few of his etchings were ever seen here. His "Joachim Quartet," a set piece for violin and 'cello players' walls, is his single widely-known work in this country.

Last week, eight years after his death at the age of fifty-eight, Schmutzer's widow arranged a memorial exhibition of his etchings at the Kleemann Galleries in New York.

There are eighty items, including seven of the mammoth engravings, in the collection. They are being shown for the benefit of three different artists' relief funds, under the patronage of Jonas Lie, President of the National Academy; Dr. Walter Damrosch, George Gershwin, and the artist's old friend, Dr. Albert Einstein.

The exhibition reveals a severely pictorial work, full of exact representations carefully accurate down to the smallest detail. It shows the great etcher a "conservative" among print-makers, a follower of the mighty Rembrandt tradition.

For his study of former Kaiser Wilhelm, posed defiantly in the uniform of a cavalry general, he received the Order of the Red Eagle. His etching of Dr. Sigmund Freud shows the famous scientist staring in a care-worn and reflective mood. Einstein, chalk in hand, is a younger, less rotund mathematics professor. Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria he did so well that he was invited to go on frequent royal boar hunts. Dutch peasants and farm-land scenes he caught with a loving eye for details.

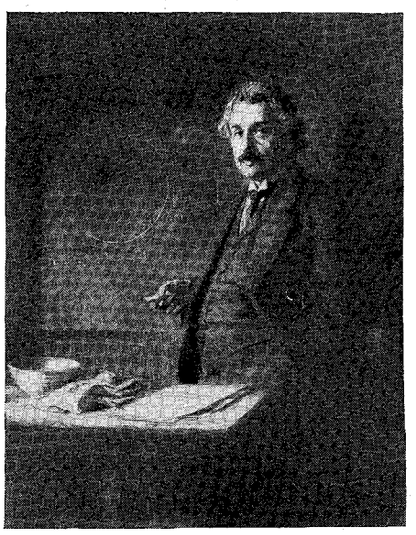
Master Craftsman—From his father, an animal sculptor, Schmutzer inherited a love of the graceful lines of beasts. He liked to consider himself a master craftsman as well as artist.

Altho he lived and worked for ten years after its end, the World War shocked and saddened Schmutzer. He was still working on a portrait of Austria's Archduke Franz Ferdinand when news of the fateful assassination reached him. He dropped the work, turned the plate over to the Government without even pulling a proof.

In 1928 he died, with many of the people he had etched scattered throughout the world by War and revolution.

CIRCUS HIGHBROW Giant Becomes an Artist Portraying Animals of Big Top

Madeline Parks, animal sculptor, had followed the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey circus parade to Madison Square Garden, set up her clay-board in front of a chimpanzee's cage, and started briskly to work. Suddenly a shadow fell across her busy hands; it was big enough and ominous enough to belong to the chimpanzee's



Photographs Courtesy Kleemann Galleries

Etchings by Ferdinand Schmutzer: "Pablo Casals Tuning His 'Cello," and "Prof. Albert Einstein"

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father, so she glanced over her shoulder in some alarm.

There stood eight feet, eight-odd inches (it's eight feet, six and one-half in stocking feet, but he was wearing cow-man's boots) of Jack Earle, the "Tall Texas Cowboy" of the flaming bill-boards, grinning sheepishly.

"Mind if I try?" he asked. Miss Parks didn't. Whereupon he contrived a chimpanzee head of such promise that the sculptor persuaded the circus management to send him to study under Adrian Pillars at the Ringling School in Sarasota, Florida.

This week six of the giant's oils and a sculptured head of an African bushman are on exhibition at the modernistic Delphic Studios in Fifth Avenue, New York. Last week admiring fellow performers from the Big Top flocked there to cheer *their* artist, to them by no means an uncongenial highbrow.

This powerful young man whose twelve-inch hands splash pigment thickly, swirlingly, imaginatively upon canvas is an artist by design, a circus attraction by accident. He was born Jacob Reuben Ehrlich in 1906, scion of a substantial El Paso, Texas, Jewish family. While a high-school student he wandered into the sawdust ring one night and was promptly singled out by the barker.

Hiking Observer—It seemd a chance to realize his ideal of saving enough money to devote himself to art, and he went into it with a will, climbed into the first pair of chaps he'd ever worn. Off the lot he is still a cultured city dweller, wears spectacles, tramps through the streets of every town the circus plays, looking for "objects of scenic and historic interest."

He is a powerful fellow—something all giants are not. He eats moderately, likes to shoot and fish. His easel is twice as large as the ordinary painter's, but his canvases are not immense. On them he daubs oils until their ridges stand out like the mountain ranges of relief-maps.

Between shows, he discusses his work with another circus painter—human projectile Hugo Zacchini, who runs a winter art school in Tampa, Florida.

SPRINTING ART Azadia Newman Gave Up Society to Become Portraitist

Portrait painters are fussily important about where they do their work. They like their subjects cozily posed in the undisturbed calm of their studios.

Azadia Newman, slim, Titian-haired society girl of Washington, is an exceedingly successful portraitist who is at ease anywhere—a kitchen, the roof, a corner of the sitter's office.

As she swings her brushes into action with a vivacious smile, she says: "It depends where I get started, but once I've started I just have to keep going ahead."

Such a facile approach to her art has enabled Miss Newman, still in her twenties, to gear the often slow, painstaking process of portraiture to the zooming tempo of American life.

A student four years ago at the New York Art Students' League, this Washington girl got off to a fast start in her career by promptly winning a class competition after six-weeks' study. The prize-winner was a study of her friend, Norma Norman, young Virginian girl.

At a rapid rate portraits have whizzed

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through her hands ever since. In two years alone she turned out the remarkable number of seventeen canvases—one every six weeks.

Last week, to show how far the sprint of success had carried her, Miss Newman placed those seventeen paintings, plus the early class-room prize-winner, on exhibition at the Ehrich-Newhouse Galleries in New York. Her first "one-man" show, it will remain open until May 25.

Vice President John N. Garner looks out quizzically from the gallery's chocolate-brown walls.

Walter Huston glances up from the script of "Othello," his next stage vehicle.

Blind Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma sits alertly in profile.

Captain René Pugnet stands against the aquamarine wall of one of the *Normandie's* salons.

Conservative Artist—In each subject there is a conservative, "academic" use of clear line and sharp color to bring out character. Critics praised Miss Newman's sound technique, but hinted she might be a bit more daring and experimental.

The young artist shies at discussion of her portraits. She prefers to talk about the people in them.

Miss Newman had the ambitions of two persons to accomplish in her career—her mother's and her own. Her mother, Clara Shoemaker, had wanted to go to Paris to study art. Instead she married Edwin A. Newman, late District of Columbia Democratic leader, who helped Woodrow Wilson's Presidential band-wagon get under way.

She hoped that her younger daughter would one day fulfil her own dream. Miss Newman seemed to be enjoying the ample life of a member of the Capital's younger set too much to buckle down to the long, hard pull which makes an artist.

Four years ago her mother died. She resolved to make up for the loss by a flier in art.

Now came the job of convincing her family she had ability.

"You can't make anything out of art, they told me," Miss Newman recalls. "Besides the year I really started the depression was pretty bad. But once I'd begun to work seriously, I found I didn't get 'the tops' in fun out of anything but painting."

NEW BOOKS They Cover Adventures Underseas, in Arctic, and in British Army

20 Years Under the Sea. By J. E. Williamson. 320 pp. (Boston and New York: Hale, Cushman and Flint; $2.50.)

An ex-reporter-photographer for the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot* spends a honeymoon twelve fathoms below the surface of Bahaman waters, and comes back to the world with a corking thriller.

J. E. Williamson thought up the notion of submarine movies, but because he couldn't make the natives understand that they had to keep within focus of his camera, he had to knife a shark himself. Once he went down alone in a diving-helmet, to discover down below that his head shared it with a lively but luckily incurious scorpion. His candid camera proved that sharks do not always have to turn over on their backs to eat; and he was able to bring back the filmed caperings of such a spotted

In one of Williamson's early undersea films: The heroine visits the wreck of a ship

horse-fish as scientists had never seen. But his hardest job was a typical Hollywood assignment.

The studio landlubbers insisted on a fight between a man and a devil-fish on the ocean's bed. No man can live in the same half-acre of sea with a monster waving ten-foot tentacles, so the resourceful cameraman invented a mechanical octopus which put up a brave but losing battle.

The lords of the cinema have brought him more than one headache, as in the case of Peggy Fortune's lost wig. Miss Fortune was standing, or, rather, swimming in, for Sally O'Neil in "The Mysterious Island." The sea water had changed the reddish luster of the hair of both. Peggy's wig stood between the expedition and the loss of fabulous sums of money. So one of Williamson's divers played hide-and-seek with sharks until he found it.

Despite the author's modesty, "20 Years Under the Sea" is alive with finny thrills. It is one of the most magnificently illustrated books of the season.

Critical Opinions—CLEVELAND NEWS: *"Mr. Williamson managed to live through sufficient underwater excitement to send any one else to a sanatorium."*

ALBANY EVENING NEWS: *"The author was originally a reporter, and he still does a job that would be a credit to any modern newspaper man."*

WASHINGTON STAR: *"His book is good reading; its pictures . . . marvelous."*

BROOKLYN EAGLE: *". . . as different from Hollywood literature as Mr. Williamson's pictures have been different from Hollywood pictures."*

BOSTON GLOBE: *"It would be difficult to find a more absorbing or thrilling story in the whole realm of fiction."*

* * *

Report of the Company. By Dudley Vaill Talcott. 347 pp. (New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas-Random House; $3.75.)

From Greenland's icy mountains of late, a glacial mass of book-writing has ground ponderously down upon perspiring publishers in this temperate zone. Peter Freuchen and Rockwell Kent already had dated this Ice Age of literature; now comes Dudley Vaill Talcott, an American sculptor-painter who forsook art's Montparnassian backwash for the turbulent waters of the North. And he brings a tall tale of sailing under a 245-pound father-in-law skipper; of hunting polar bear and fishing for salmon, and even lugging freight before he towed the good ship *Norkap II* out of her sea of red ink.

The author, one hears, never got more than half-way through prep school; it does not seem to matter. For his art studies in Paris, beginning in 1921, beveled the rough edges of his writing. And if occasionally his account becomes a bit boisterous, for the most part it beguiles with its curious mixture of ironic humor and gray, chill fogs.

Thus, on the one hand he is ecstatic as the white ptarmigan flies over the woods, to be lost to sight against a back-drop of eternal snow, while on the other he smacks his lips over the 12,000,000 herring they sold—his share being $1,100. What he appears to relish best is danger, and there is plenty of it, both in Baffin Bay and in "Report of the Company." Once, when the old Viking master and his crew of nineteen were trapped in an ice-pack, they lived on soup brewed from empty flour bags for days before they were able to break through and return to Tromsö Harbor.

Again, a seventy-mile-an-hour nor'wester wrenched away the *Norkap's* jib, but not the seafaring author's sense of humor. The next morning he sallied forth in a canoe for supplies and, paddling back from the general store, turned over, to the immense joy of "the very pretty girl who was haying on a high little island close at hand, laughing her sides out."

Little enough he says about his blue-eyed Norse wife, perhaps because the endless days and nights of meandering through staggering seas gave him ample time to explore a theory spawned in the *apéritif* chatter of Paris's Café du Dôme: that woman is a broadcasting station, man just a receiving set whose tubes frequently need replenishing.

What the biopsychologist might say of

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this does not seem to matter, and something of the same defiance of a rule-of-thumb human nature crops up in the tale of how the author had to hunt Isak Isaksen, shipwrecked four days in the lee of Brooklyn's Gowanus Canal, and in the charming if unconvincing alibis he could think up for the hapless Isak.

But Talcott is no rainbow-chaser, and even seems to have been a little provoked that a party of geologists in East Greenland, receptive tho they were to "igneous intrusions," could not be tricked into looking for gold or oil; and skinning birds in the mess convulsed his artistic soul.

Critical Opinions—THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: *"Only very seldom does a book come along which conveys experience in such fashion that it becomes in some sense the experience of the reader, as well as the writer."*

HARTFORD (CONN.) DAILY COURANT: *"'Report of the Company' is a refreshing book because it brings the reader in touch with a striking personality, an adventurous intelligence."*

UNITED PRESS NEWS LETTER: *"Naturally, adventure isn't always exciting, and the author wades through the troughs many times to reach the crest of interest riding on arctic waves."*

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"There is an elegiac note when he is totting up the profit and loss account. . . . He has built the right kind of modern house on a hill near Hartford."*

* * *

Old Soldier Sahib. By Pvt. Frank Richards. 310 pp. (New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas; $2.50.)

Robert Graves says in an introduction that "Old Soldier Sahib" is the authentic voice of *Tommy Atkins*, a voice which Pvt. Frank Richards of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers reports was stilled at the first battle of Ypres, where "his courage, his discipline, and his marksmanship saved the Channel ports." In 1914 Kipling's redcoats, who somehow had come to represent the professional soldier even in American toy shops, was poured into mud and olive drab, and driven underground like a ferret.

"But it was still *Thomas Atkins* who in 1914 fought under Sir John French on the Marne and the Aisne," protests Private Richards, who gazes wistfully at his D.C.M. and M.M., and sits down in a fit of homesickness to write an autobiographical book.

The author served his pre-War hitches in India and Burma, from 1902 to 1909, having come out of a coal-pit to take the King's shilling. It was a world of lonely hill-stations and seasoned officers whose custom it was to "take the battalion out for a fifteen or twenty-mile route march, two days later, to sweat Christmas out of them."

For those who relish lusty barrack-room chuckles from the other end of the world, "Old Soldier Sahib" will be a rainy-night delight.

Critical Opinions—CLEVELAND NEWS: *"Pick it up and you won't put it down until you've finished."*

WATERBURY (CONN.) REPUBLICAN: *"Sharp, clear, and to the point."*

BUFFALO TIMES: *"A book of rare charm."*

SAN FRANCISCO CALL-BULLETIN: *" . . . the breath and substance of human beings."*

PORTLAND (MAINE) EVENING EXPRESS: *"A refreshingly different book."*

It's a Bargain in finest ink

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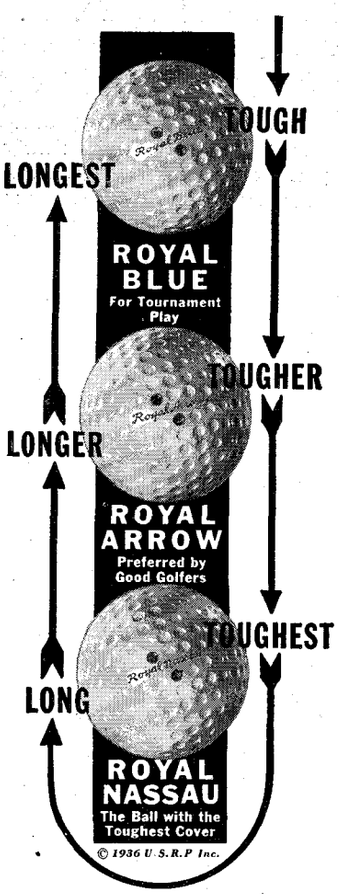

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Current Poetry

CERTAINTY

BY FRANCES FROST

The thistle has shed its ragged blue,
The cricket is cold in clover,
The brown road struggles past withered rue,
And up the hill and over.

The maple leaves have fled to the walls
That run through the woods and stumble.
No blackbird whistles, no catbird calls,
The pasture is hushed and humble.

But under the shriveled and rusty roots
Wait Spring's green feathery fountains,
Junipers wait in the icy shoots,
Green acres in frozen mountains!

—*The American Girl.*

RAY

BY JOSEPHINE MILES

Ray, once word for the fine archaic sunbeam,
For the long classic dignified descent,
The spear's fight, the solid god's bestowal,
Is what you meant.

Meant, meant, and are now despaired of meaning,
And are now contestable and counterfeit,
And wax or wane yet are the world's lighting
And god of it.

You are the lost Phœbus blown round heaven,
Without cloak, without chariot, yet made
Lord of more spacious kingdoms tho less splendid,
In their proud undistinguishable livery arrayed.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

SLUMBER NO MORE

BY LULU PIPER AIKEN

Slumber no more, my child, for a dawn is here;
The new-roused morning follows in her train
And folds away dark robes where night has lain,
While trees emerge from sleep and hills draw near.
Wet from their dew-bath, every little spear
Of grass listens; perhaps never again
Will earthly beauty be so pure and plain
As in this hour nor living be so dear.

Lose not a moment, child; the day is yours!
The certain, unprobed night is not afar;
Forever there will be a sure retreat
Within your heart where loveliness endures,
So you God-speed the lingering, last star
And in the quiet hear the earth's heart-beat.

—*Spirit.*

EPITAPH, FOUND SOMEWHERE IN SPACE

BY HUGH WILGUS RAMSAUR

In desolation, here a lost world lies.
All wisdom was its aim: with noble plan,
It sounded ocean deeps; measured the skies;
And fathomed every mystery but Man.

—*Wings.*

SHOULDER TO THE PLOW

BY FLORENCE WILSON ROPER

"Oh why a face so glum, my lad,
And why a mouth so grim?"
"I am at odds with dusty Life
And all the ways of him!

He ties my shoulder to the plow
When I would roving be:
My eyes turn earthward—but my heart
Is gazing out to sea."

"O wipe the frown away, my lad,
And drink your mug of ale.
There's many a homesick man at sea
Who curses mast and sail.

And land or sea 'tis all the same,
A penny to be spent,
And wiser is the heart that buys
A bit of warm content!

So hasten, lad, with open purse
To cheer the moment's now,
And gaily turn your plot of ground
With shoulder to the plow.

With shoulder to the plow, my lad,
To split the earth asunder,
Before its wealth of blood and brawn
Is what the team plows under!"

—*The Commonwealth.*

MY GRAVE

BY ELLEN M. CARROLL

Let nothing mark the spot where I shall lie
Let no one sorrow in their passing by.
The flame that once was me, within a sheath,
Could never now be known, if marked, beneath
A quiet, unimpassioned bit
Of gentle, rain-gemmed earth.
No, let the winds sweep gladly over it,
Let wild brown seeds find there a sudden birth;
But, let no man-made, carven marker stand
To point to curious ones, my last few feet of land.

—*Silhouettes.*

Florence Wilson Roper, outstanding Virginia poetess, has spent her life in that State. Born in Richmond she now lives at Petersburg. Author of one book of poems. Her work has appeared in numerous publications.

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Persons and Personalities

GOOD FIGHTS "FAIR ENOUGH" TO PEGLER

Word-Taming Columnist Lashes at Injustice With Both Fists

Guardians of a free press in America were "viewing with alarm" at the annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association in New York, when one of its most zealous defenders bounced back from Europe a short time ago with the report that editors there have become accustomed to gags. He was Westbrook Pegler, plain-speaking sports-writer turned syndicated columnist for fifty-one American newspapers, and his freckle-splattered nose was quivering on the scent of new tyrants to tackle, fresh stuffed-shirts to wilt.

As journalists whistled over his description—in *Editor & Publisher*—of one-man governments abroad, the six-foot, one-inch columnist, having just taken Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini to the verbal woodshed, hopped down to Washington, his blue eyes afire, and wired back that "Roosevelt has been inching up very close to a dictatorship, whether he thinks so or not."

Rapid Rise—Since 1910, when he deserted a native Minneapolis soda-fountain to mix vivid adjectives and sulfuric verbs for the United Press, "Peg" has sky-rocketed from sports pages to by-line-and-photo split-page spreads, from boxers' dressing-rooms to premiers' drawing-rooms.

His world, which once stretched between home-plate and center-field, now reaches from Oregon to Osaka; and wo betide the batter in the game of fair play among men who tries to bunt on the third strike while Umpire Pegler still has a forefinger with which to stab typewriter-keys.

Trying to get an interview with Westbrook Pegler is about as tough an assignment as a reporter can get, as many will testify. By nature as diffident as a bashful schoolgirl, he squirms like a small boy caught in a lie when cornered with a "Tell us about yourself." The red flush of embarrassment splashes out among the freckles, the tongue so ready to exploit others falters helplessly.

"Aw, hell— I haven't done anything."

Anything? The list of minor and major wrongs he has been instrumental in righting would fill a book. Sports-writers recall that when he was one of them he always was crusading against the recurrent evils of both professional and amateur athletics.

Edw. W. Cochrane, Sports-Editor of the Kansas City *Journal-Post,* credits "Peg" with having done more than any other one man to clean up the fight racket. Many a writer can remember his caustic exposures of fixed matches, and they remember to his credit, too, that always he swung his lefts and rights at the promoters, finding nothing but sympathy for the ignorant palookas who were coaxed into taking fifth-round dives for ham-and-egg money.

When women tennis-players develop temperament, or diving champions suddenly break out with a movie rash, he lets go both barrels; often they get back into line. Sometimes the targets of his accurate fire make the mistake of trying to get even.

Once, in a Chicago beer-tavern, two or three plug-uglies attached to a fighter he had been ribbing muscled up to "Peg" and began sniping at the Pegler family tree. The Pegler neck reddened perceptibly, but the pugs, who never had heard that when that physical phenomenon sets in it is time either to apologize or scram, persisted. The bartender carried them out.

Word-Tamer—Still, he insists that he has never "done anything," that he just "bats out a column." Batting is something of a misnomer, for it takes him most of the day. He searches for the precise word, writes and rewrites, until it suits him. What suits him reads as if it had been dashed off with ease.

Fair play is his fetish, as symbolized by the title of his daily column—"Fair Enough." He never has been able to sit by passively and watch human beings cheat each other. A foul to him is a foul, whether it is a prize-fighter or a politician who has hit below the belt.

He loathes orators, phoneys, cowards,

Westbrook Pegler: From mixing sodas to mixing adjectives and sulfuric verbs

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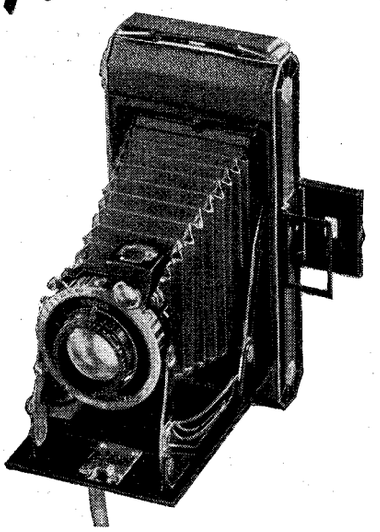

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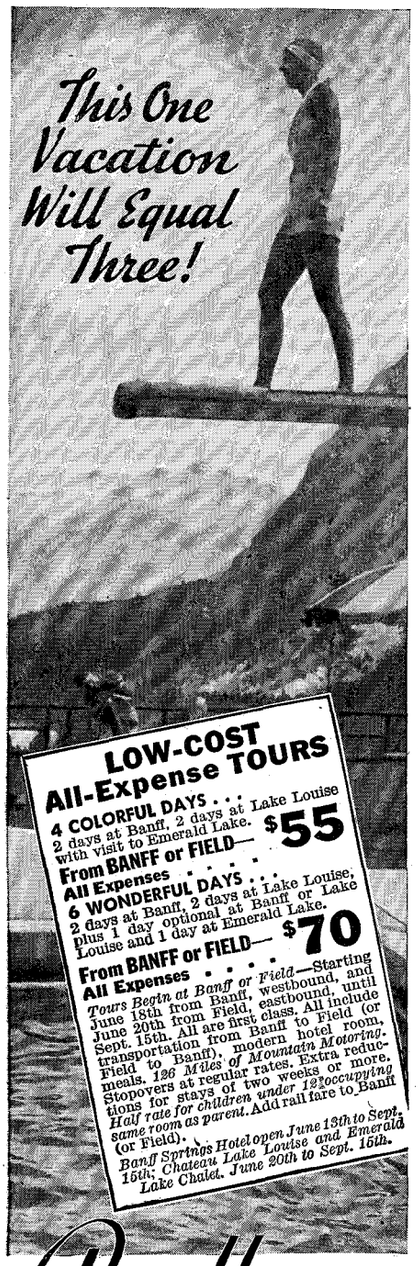
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and bigots. His habit of telling them so prompted Christopher Morley to dub him "*Peter Pan* bellowing against civilization."

The bellow awes readers as much as it delights them. They are inclined to believe, because "Peg" says what he thinks, lambasting a nation as readily and as fearlessly as he would blast a temperamental tennis-star, that he is an exceedingly hard-boiled *hombre*.

The truth is that he is the softest "touch" in the world, an easy-going, friendly pal of any one who needs a pal, with a heart as big as a ham, and a sentimental streak as wide as the Atlantic Ocean. He loves children, tho he has none; dogs (Annie, a scraggly Scottie, fairly rules his roost), and his wife, the former Julia Harpman, whom "City Editor" Stanley Walker once tagged "one of the very few real newspaper women ever produced in America."

What he earns a year few know, and they will not tell; beneficiaries of his generosity know that he spends at a $50,000-a-year clip.

About the passing side-shows of life he doesn't trouble to be consistent, but, through his writing, thinking, and living, one constant thread runs true. When people fall too low, he helps them up; when they climb too high, he smacks their ears down.

If he were to pass a junkman beating his horse, he probably would thrash the offender, then whack out a scalding piece about cruelty to animals. His columns from Germany this year on the plight of Jews were masterpieces of heart-break.

On the other hand, when Edward F. Hutton, the man who married into Woolworth's five-and-ten millions, recently complained that he was being "reduced to virtual slavery by taxation," "Peg" recalled in print having passed the Hutton "slave-quarters" in Palm Beach, observed the Hutton "slave-yacht" in the bay, seen the Hutton "slave-hut" on Long Island. The millionaire, chastened, invited his critic to lunch.

Faltering Blushes—But the critic, in his ceaseless crusade for the defenseless, never falls into the class-conscious, race-conscious attitudes of some of his fellow-columnists. To assume that a man is fine because he has callouses on his hands, or rotten because he hasn't, wouldn't be "Fair Enough."

Fred Ferguson, Newspaper Enterprise Association President, an old friend, recalls when "Peg" would "sit down with a deadline facing him, wire-service, mind you, and toil laboriously until he was finished. Sometimes he was late, but his stuff was so damned good he always got away with it."

It still is that good, and he still gets away with it. He doesn't pay much attention to specific assignments, because he digs up his own stories as he goes along. A long time ago, when he was sent to cover a prize-fight, he came back with a yarn about a small-time "prelim" boxer, very little about the main bout. The "prelim" fighter never amounted to anything, but the yarn was so good it was used.

Scripps-Howard sent their star to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria, to cover the Winter Olympics; what he covered was the whole Third Reich, its militarism, its abuse of minorities, its sins generally—with a side-swath through Italy, France, and Spain.

His insatiable curiosity alone fixes the limits of his reportorial beat, and that is a way of saying that there are no limits. When he first landed in New York he wanted to know something about the town, from the East Side to Riverside Drive, get acquainted with its people. Often he hung about the Bowery of nights, asking questions, looking for color. Some of the odd friends he made there have not been forgotten.

After half a lifetime of bouncing around in Pullmans and ships' cabins, Pegler has developed an understandable reluctance to quit the rambling Bavarian chalet at Poundridge, New York, just across the Connecticut line, which is his favorite home.

Modest Crusader—Its chief feature is a living-room the size of a modern railway station, with a fire-place big enough for him to stand erect in; into it he delights, of winter evenings, to toss eight-foot logs and four-letter epithets, to the huge delight of the friends with whom he surrounds himself.

They call him the "Cornish coalheaver," and he entertains them with imitations of British redcoats mounting guard before Buckingham Palace, or, if he feels so inclined, spread-eagles spluttering guests in the snow outside, so that they will look like "angels."

He dresses like an "ad" in *Esquire*, keeps his dark brown mop of hair carefully brushed. He enjoys the good things of life—food, wine, friends—but hasn't much leisure for any of them. He plays a little poker, being a sucker for a two-card draw to a flush; "lousy" golf; fishes but "never catches anything"; bangs away with a .22 rifle, and occasionally hunts woodchucks. But never birds—they're too beautiful.

To his way of thinking all of life ought to be beautiful, and that is why he never stops fighting to make it so—for every one. In a way, he is the logical and worthy successor of Ring Lardner, who also hid behind the mask of droll buffoonery a troubled spirit that could not rest while meaner spirits challenged it.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Tewfik Rushdu Aras—President, Balkan Entente (p. 15)—with German *ü* (or French *u*), *tef'eek" rüsh'tü" ah"rahss'*.

Azaña—President of Spain (p. 13)—omit *n* and *l* from *Nathaniel*, broad *a's;* or, *ah-thahn'-yah*.

Badoglio—conqueror of Ethiopia (p. 11)—the nearest English is *bah-do'lyo*.

Blum—French Socialist leader (p. 13)—just like the French *bloum* or English *bloom*.

Bottai—Civil Governor of Ethiopia (p. 11)—three syllables: *bot-tah'ee*.

Caballero—Spanish Socialist leader (p. 13)—the dictionary gives it *kah"bahl-yay'ro*.

Hirohito—Emperor of Japan (p. 16)—each *i* as *ee*, or, *hee"ro-hee'to*.

Thorez—French Leftist leader (p. 13)—as if spelled *toe-raise*.

Titulescu—Rumanian; President of the Little Entente (p. 15)—call him *tee-too-les'koo*.

Vaillant-Couturier—French Communist leader (p. 13)—it simplifies to *vay"yant' -koo"tür"yay'* (German *ü*).

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

confluence.—"C. F. H.," San Francisco, Calif.—The term *confluence* is probably the word that you are seeking. It is defined: "A junction or flowing together of streams; the place where streams meet."

hit-and-run driver.—"W. P. C.," Florence, Mass.—The usual interpretation of this expression is that such a driver is one who, having hit a pedestrian or another car, drives on without stopping to investigate the extent of injury he has inflicted, and without reporting the accident.

instead of.—"J. H. V.," Ridgewood, N. Y.—The elliptical use of the phrase *instead of* before a preposition or prepositional phrase is permissible. Thus one may say: I saw it on the floor, *instead of on* the desk; He went to the Smiths' (house), *instead of to* the Joneses' (house), etc. The use is quite common, and is not even stigmatized as colloquial.

mean, average.—"M. E. G.," New York City.—The noun *mean* is one of many words in the language in which the original sense has gradually been extended to the point that its use is not immediately understood. That is, the usage can not be divorced from the context without causing ambiguity.

Originally, the noun *mean* meant only the mid point between two extremes. It is derived from the Latin *medius*, which had the same meaning. The original sense is still the common meaning. By the sixteenth century, the single word *mean*, without a qualifying adjective, came also to denote the second or the third term in arithmetical proportion—the two being called the *means*, and the first and fourth, the *extremes*. At approximately the beginning of the nineteenth century, the original sense in mathematical calculations, therefore called the *arithmetical mean*, gained an extended sense exactly equivalent to *average;* that is, instead of being solely the quotient of the sum of two numbers divided by two, it was extended to include the quotient of the sum of n numbers divided by n. Hence to-day the term *mean*, in mathematical computations, may be either the mid point between two extremes or an average of a number of points.

The two results may show great differences. Thus, with regard to temperatures, for instance: If the extreme readings for a given day show, say, zero as the minimum, and 50 as the maximum, the *mean* is 25. But if hourly readings were taken on that same day, and if the temperature rose rapidly from the lower extreme, rising, say, to 30 in three hours, hovering around 50 for several hours, and not dropping below 30 during any of the rest of the 24 hours, the *mean* temperature for the day might be 35. In general, however, in the expressions *mean* temperature, *mean* high tide, *mean* precipitation, etc., *mean* is used in the sense of *average*.

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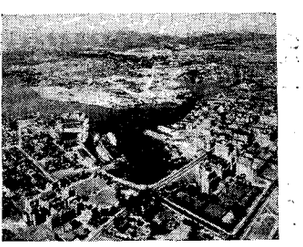

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THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

Religion and Social Service

RISING TIDE OF NARCOTICS OVER WORLD

Smugglers Baffle Officials After Curb Placed by Geneva

Sweating Canton coolies plod up and down row after row of tall poppy plants not yet in flower, stripping the green pods from tender buds and fetching them in woven-fiber baskets to sun-baked bamboo clearings. There other coolies puncture them with deft jabs, draining off the juice. The same sun beats down on Peruvian *mestizos,* busily harvesting lush coca leaves, and upon Louisiana *cajuns,* stuffing the dried flowering tops of Indian hemp into huge burlap sacks.

Down the gang-plank of a transatlantic liner trips a beautiful woman, her childishly innocent face illumined with the awe of the great City of New York. Out from the shadows of the pier-shed two uniformed men appear. The woman's smile dims perceptibly. Ten minutes later she darts into a taxicab; the smile is genuine once more; they have searched her clothing and her luggage, but the trim French heels are still secure on her Talbot slippers.

Pain—And Peace—Into a dimly-lighted evil-smelling third-floor room in some near or distant city a human derelict shuffles. Unmindful of a dozen similar wrecks about him, he squats, twitching, in a corner; from a baggy pocket he brings a battered spoon, pours something into it, heats it over a trembling match; then, with a common pin, he stabs a wrist-vein, moans as the hot liquid touches the wound. A moment later—peace. The circle is complete. Thanks to the woman's slipper, the harvest from the Yangtse flowers in the backwashes of American cities.

A year ago, foes of the highly organized world traffic of one to two hundred million dollars a year in narcotics believed success was in sight. The Geneva Drug Limitation Conference of 1931 had set forty tons a year (5,000,000,000 doses) of cocain, opium, morphin, heroin, and marihuana as a limit. Sixty factories were licensed in the United States, England, Japan, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Holland. First results were electric.

Then the tide turned suddenly. The flow of poppy "mud" (opium) from China, Turkey, and Yugoslavia increased; "snow" (cocain) from the coca plants of Java, Peru, and Bolivia sifted over the world; "reefers" (cigarettes of marihuana made from hemp) bobbed up to supply the craving of their 2,000,000 users, the hemp drawn from half the States of the Union.

The mad hunger of ten million "junkers"—"snowbirds," "hopheads," and "mugglers"—seemed stronger than all the combined forces of men and women who wished—for the addicts' sake—to break the vicious circle. In New York, Paris, and London, wholesale quotations of $350 a pound for opium, $375 for morphin, and $2750 for cocain, tumbled 30 per cent.

Next month determined delegates to the World Narcotic Conference in Geneva will hear the report of the Permanent Central Opium Board of the League of Nations, take steps to dam the tide more effectively. Meanwhile, in the United States, the World Narcotic Defense Association, led by Admiral Richmond P. Hobson, of Spanish-American War fame, is redoubling its fight.

Heavy Confiscations—Spurred on by crusaders, "whiskers" (Federal agents) seized 21,000 antiasthma cigarettes made of crushed poppy-heads, took 62,000 shots of morphin from a ship in Seattle Harbor, confiscated 1,000,000 doses of cocain.

Typical of the legal difficulties in the peculiarly American war against marihuana is the case of a Florida youth who became a hopeless addict after a chance peddler had supplied him with a "sample" cigarette.

One night he became obsessed with the idea that people were trying to cut off his arms and legs. Seizing an ax, he killed his father, mother, two brothers, and a sister as they slept.

In only thirty-three States is there a law against the sale of narcotics. Since there is no national statute, the Federal men would have been powerless to prosecute the "ice-tong doctor" who sold the boy his "reefers," had they caught him.

Acme

"Reefers" in the raw: marihuana weeds, being destroyed by New York police

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METHODIST UNITY It Is Restored as Breach of 92 Years Is Healed

Last week citizens of Columbus, Ohio, plodding peacefully past their shabby stone-and-steel Municipal Auditorium, were startled by a lusty echo of the War Between the States. Inside, 470 delegates to the quadrennial conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church with shout and song were hailing the healing of a breach ninety-two years old.

The 470 had just voted for reunion with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, formed in schism in 1844, when the marriage of a Southern bishop to a slave-owner brought to a head an issue which was to divide not only a church, but a nation.

In Columbus, the moment was epochal. Beneath the fluttering flags of the thirty nations in which Methodists maintain missions or branches, Edwin Holt Hughes, seventy-year-old senior active Bishop, beamed down at the 603 delegates, announcing the vote. Eighty-three, including sixty-one Negroes, had voted "nay"; fifty had cast no ballots.

Hardly had he finished speaking when the jubilant churchmen let go a lusty shout, then swung into the strains of "We're Marching Onward to Zion."

The vote for reunion also embraces the Methodist Protestant Church, another offshoot. The amalgamation of the parent body and its two affiliates would give the Methodists the lead among Protestant church memberships—nearly nine million to the Baptists' eight and one-quarter million.

Negroes Still Out—But before technical differences can be ironed out, the problem of what to do with 1,503,000 Negro Methodists must be solved. Of these, the African Methodist Episcopal Church claims 546,000; the African Methodist Episcopal Zion 457,000; the parent group 300,000, and the Southern group 200,000.

As a concession to the white South, the new plan envisages a separate jurisdictional conference for all Negro Methodists. This drew the charge of segregation from those affected, but the clause stayed in.

When minister-delegates returned to their pulpits from Columbus this week, they found awaiting them a report of the Association of Statisticians of American Religious Bodies, packed with problems even more vital than that of unification.

Protestant Statistics—That report cited disheartening figures: In 1921 Protestant churches gained 1,710,000 new members by confession of faith; in 1935, only 990,000. Were they "running downhill"?

Even more significant was the statement that only 25 per cent. of the registered members were supporting their churches by personal attendance, and that only 30 per cent. of the pews in America were being used at all.

Such a gloomy summing-up of the situation put squarely before not only Methodists, but Lutherans, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and a score of other sects a question often asked of late: What is happening to the church everywhere?

The report concluded with a warning answer to that question: "If church attendance continues to peter out, our mission societies and all our other church organizations will go overboard. To save the church, our laymen must go to church."

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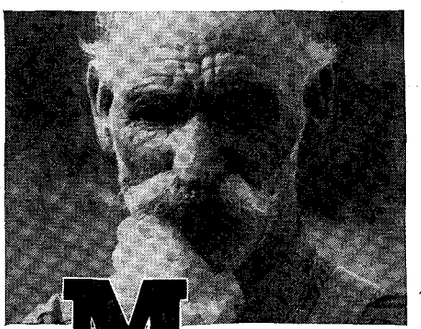

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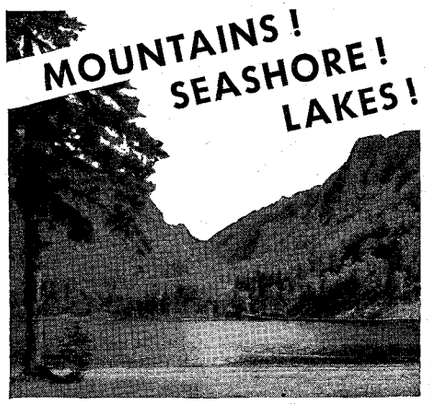

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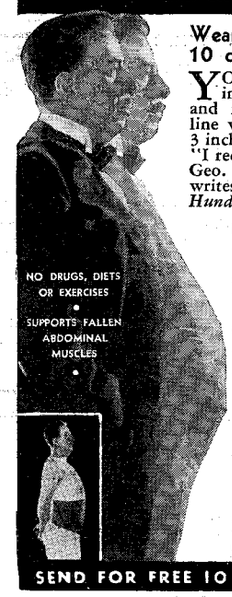

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Off Side

Cows Excepted—A 1,000-room hotel half a block from Fifth Avenue, New York, offers farmers room and bath in exchange for farm produce—preferably home-made jam and fruit preserves, altho any kind which measures up to kitchen standards will be accepted—except cows. The hotel's food tester hasn't yet discovered a way to sample steaks without damaging the cow.

* * *

Lawful Hooky—To prevent widespread hooky the town fathers of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, declared the first day of fishing a holiday for all seventh- and eighth-grade pupils. Seymour, Texas, made it a holiday for every one.

* * *

Chirping Heat—According to one authority, you can tell how hot a summer night is by counting cricket chirps. The number of chirps per second added to forty equals the temperature.

* * *

Hobo Benefactor—Last July, Harry Kresmeyer, milk-truck driver of Waldwick, New Jersey, gave a lift and a half-dollar to an old hobo who said he was bound for his silver mine in Canada. Kresmeyer was still skeptical in March when a letter arrived inviting him to come up and help work the mine. Out of a job, but chiefly out of kindness, he replied, saying he'd be glad to come, only he had no money. Whereupon the ex-hobo sent him $300 for expenses. When last heard of they were heading north for mine and fortune.

* * *

Diamond Find—British Guiana's largest diamond of the year thus far netted its finder $1,200. It was a 12-carat stone.

* * *

Warning Teeth—Doctor Briggs of Tufts College says teeth warn a dentist what sort of patient he has in the chair. Bluish teeth indicate a temperamental person, yellow teeth, a happy-go-lucky one.

* * *

Panting Claim—Robert H. Scott of Seattle, Washington, filed a 75-cent claim against the City for damage done to "one perfectly good pair of used trousers" by a nail on a street-car seat. The itemized account read: "18 cents for materials used in making necessary repairs and 57 cents for time spent in seclusion of bed during said process."

* * *

Artistic Foot—In Vienna recently, a Rumanian War veteran whose hands have been paralyzed for seventeen years, opened an exhibition of pictures he had painted with his right foot.

* * *

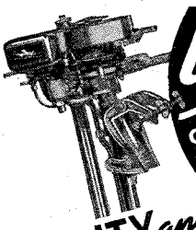
Toothless Fishing—Fishermen at Miami, Florida, are offered a new service. They can check their false teeth before embarking for the day. Formerly many lost theirs overboard during stress of excitement or rough water.

* * *

Reducing Hog—In Rumania, a hog weighing 1,443 pounds had to be reduced forty pounds before he could be fitted into a truck and carried to Budapest for exhibition.

* * *

Stomach Tonnage—On the average, each person in the United States eats 1,422 pounds (gross weight) of food in a year.



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Law and Order

CLARENCE DARROW: ACE JURY-PICKER

Famous Criminal Lawyer Classifies Men as to Their Sternness

The black-robed judge raps his gavel lightly. The bailiff intones some singsong words in ominous voice.

The case of the State *vs.* John Doe —filling the newspapers for weeks.

Every seat in the court is occupied by gaping spectators. They fix their eyes on the prisoner, a sad-eyed fellow.

Clarence Darrow, the distinguished criminal lawyer, for the defense, fights with his unflagging interest in the "underdog."

He is hunching his shoulders, stroking his lined face. He has been fifty years at the bar. No client of his has been executed.

At this moment his eyes are glued on the prospective jurors. From them will be chosen the "twelve men, good and true."

Battle of Wits—As each name is called, the venireman steps forth and is examined by counsel for both sides. It is a battle of wits, for each is trying to steer the "right" men into the jury-box.

The chances are that Darrow will get his men. How does he do it?

As curious as many an admirer has been, the magazine *Esquire* asked the famous trial lawyer, now retired at seventy-nine, for a few pointers on his jury-picking skill. He wrote for its May issue one of the most humanly penetrating articles on court procedure and personages ever to appear in print.

Starting out with the conviction that "there is no such thing as justice, either in or out of court," Darrow examines his first man. He is an Irishman. He sees no reason to ask about his religion, his feelings are deeper than any religion. Darrow will keep him, for this man is emotional, kindly.

Next is an Englishman. He has come through a long tradition, the lawyer reasons, and does not fear to stand alone. A German steps up. Not so keen about individual rights except where they involve his own way of life, this fellow, the examiner figures, regards liberty as a mode of living, not a theory.

Acme

Clarence Darrow: "There is no such thing as justice, either in or out of court."

A Presbyterian now is questioned. "He is cold as the grave: he knows right from wrong, altho he seldom finds anything right," Darrow says.

Getting rid of him, he turns to a Baptist. This man, the lawyer muses, "is apt to think that the real home of all outsiders is Sheol." He eliminates him quickly.

Acceptable Juror—Now comes a promising chap. He is a Methodist, near to the soil, with religious emotions easily transmuted into charity.

As a Lutheran enters the box, Darrow frowns. This man, a Scandinavian, "is sure to convict; he learns about sinning and punishing from the preacher and dares not doubt," is the thought.

If Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists, Jews, and agnostics face him he won't ask them too many questions, and he will keep them.

Because "he is too solemn and holy and dyspeptic," Darrow has made up his mind he won't accept a prohibitionist. The Christian Scientist he will regard as too serious for consideration.

If the prospective juror is wealthy, back he goes; if he is a "good" man, the lawyer finds out what he is good for. He wants imaginative men, and he is not interested in a juror's morals. To get a man who laughs he will defy all the rules. As to women, he feels he was lucky that his services were about finished when they invaded the jury-box.

Finally, as he writes: "It usually requires subtlety and guesswork. Involved in it all is the juror's method of speech, the kind of clothes he wears, the style of haircut, and above all, his business associates, residence, and origin."

UNCAUGHT SLAYERS U. S.

Has 150,000 and Murder Rate Is Relatively High

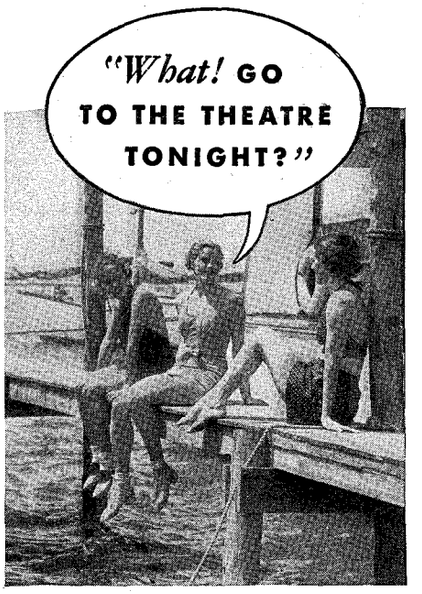
There is a shriek up a dark Chicago alley. The echoing bark of shots sends policemen rushing from secluded doorways with drawn guns. When they reach the spot the victim breathes his last; the murderer has gone.

There are 150,000 such uncaught murderers in the United States, according to J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Reflecting on this fact last week, Dorothy Thompson, columnist in the New York *Herald Tribune,* dug up others.

National Comparisons—The murder rate of the country she found, for example, was two and a half times Italy's, more than eleven times England's, about seven times that on the Continent of Europe.

Reasons: public sentimentality, lack of public indignation, collapse of home authority with second generation immigrants, overcrowded public schools, unsupervised play in city streets, publicity given to crime and violence, geography, the Constitution, diverse police systems, and the alliance of crime with politics, industry, and labor.



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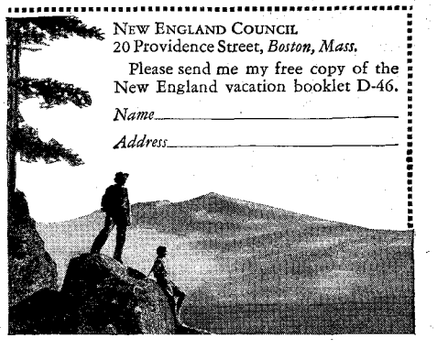

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WOMEN PLAY LACROSSE, ROUGH SPORT

Game, Originated by Indians, Resembled Their Tribal Warfare

A sport that women can play without benefit of helmets, padding, or other protective regalia would not, apparently, seem a very dangerous one.

Last week-end, when visiting English players participated in the national women's lacrosse tournament in New York City, they were helping stimulate American women's interest in a sport that ranks as one of the roughest in the world.

Casualties—Probably no sport in the world has a bloodier background of sudden death and injury than the oldest of the strictly North American games, lacrosse.

It is still the roughest sport widely played in this country. To its originators, however, the Canadian Indians of several centuries ago, the modern version would seem an insipid, milk-and-water pastime scarcely worth classifying as a real sport.

The game they invented and called baggatiway bore a far stronger resemblance to open warfare than to our present conception of an athletic contest. In many cases it did actually develop into out-and-out slaughter.

Wide Field—The size of the playing field, if such it could be called, was practically unlimited in the ancient Indian game. Goals were often five or ten miles apart. Teams sometimes included the entire warrior population of tribal villages.

Theoretically baggatiway was similar to modern lacrosse. A player set off for the opposing goal with a crudely constructed ball held in a basket at the end of his stick, or crosse. Often this meant trekking miles through the woods, outdistancing or outfighting as many as 2,000 free-swinging, rough-and-tumble warriors.

But skill, comment many historians, was not nearly so vital as the ability to carry on despite terrific punishment from enemy stick-wielders. To the naïve Indian mind the object was to cripple as many opponents as possible before settling down to the business of scoring a goal.

Deaths were a commonplace, serious injuries a jokingly accepted fact. If a warrior made a goal he was a hero. If he failed he would probably never be able to play this pleasant game again.

The all-time record for slaughter in the sport was established in 1763 when Pontiac, the great Ottawa chieftain, invited British residents of Fort Michilimackinac to witness a lacrosse game supposedly in honor of King George III's birthday.

The British cagily refused to leave the protection of their garrison, but agreed to watch from the walls. Each team of Ojibways and Sacs had 1,000 on a side. Gradually, under Pontiac's orders, the play shifted nearer and nearer to the fort.

The British cheering section was intrigued with the fascinating game until suddenly every warrior on the field dropped his lacrosse stick, rushed into the fort and proceeded to tomahawk the English spectators.

Imported From Canada—With such a stormy origin, it is natural that lacrosse should retain a considerable amount of roughness. But since its adoption in the 1860's as the Canadian national game and its subsequent spread to the United States some twenty years later, officials have tried to eliminate the dangers and increase the skill and technique of lacrosse.

Out of the skull-cracking Indian game has evolved a sport that combines the speed of basketball with the playing skill of ice-hockey and a brand of roughness that is all its own.

Baltimore Favorite—Despite these attributes, lacrosse has enjoyed surprizingly small patronage from American spectators. Outside of Baltimore, hotbed of the game in this country, crowds of more than 15,000 are seldom seen.

But during the past four years rapid progress has been made toward increasing spectator appeal by quickening the pace and reducing the cross-country aspect of lacrosse.

Teams now have ten instead of twelve players, and the field has been reduced from a vast, unbounded area to a compact ninety by seventy yards.

The first and most difficult problem for the beginner to master is correct handling of the stick, a curious combination of ladle and basket. A curved wooden frame not more than twelve inches wide at the end supports a mesh of leather thongs in which the ball is caught and carried and from which it is thrown.

A beginner usually loses the ball over his shoulder when raising the stick for a shot. But an expert can flick a ball through an opening scarcely half an inch wider than the ball itself, and at fifty yards can attain remarkable accuracy.

When running with the ball lacrosse players "cradle" the stick, rolling it from side to side with a semirotary wrist motion. "Cradling" prevents the ball from sliding down into the fork of the stick or bouncing out altogether. It also enables a player to run faster and makes it more difficult for an opponent to knock the ball out of his stick.

As protection against opponents' sticks and against the ball itself, a solid rubber object even harder than a baseball, players wear felt-lined leather helmets, usually equipped with a wire face-mask. Jerseys are lined with sponge, reinforced with felt at the shoulders. Gloves are stiffly padded and almost elbow length.

As in ice-hockey, which probably developed from Canadian lacrosse, the most rapid play in the game occurs when one team is shy a man on a penalty. As in football, the most spectacular play is a solo dash involving a dodge or pivot past the defense men, followed by a quick shot at the goal.

Mêlées Around Goal—Most of the injuries in lacrosse occur during fast scrimmages near the goal. The defense men, usually built like football guards or tackles, play their opponents close in a mêlée around the goal in anticipation of a sudden "cut" for the pass.

With sticks swinging like cutlases, even the most keen-eyed referee often misses infractions of the rules.

The goalie, too, is likely to take his share of punishment during a mix-up near the net.

Many players favor the screen shot, which involves clever running by teammates to conceal the shooter from the goalie.

The goalie's difficulties are further increased by the fact that many players will aim directly at his face, not for the purpose of hitting him, but because his chances of stopping the shot are less and his temptation to duck is stronger.

Many injuries occur at midfield when a player going at full speed attempts to scoop a ball from the ground before a shower of

© International

Wide World

Lacrosse, one of America's roughest sports: the women's version of the game is less dangerous than the men's, but "they play . . . with vim, vigor, and verve, and never call for stretchers"

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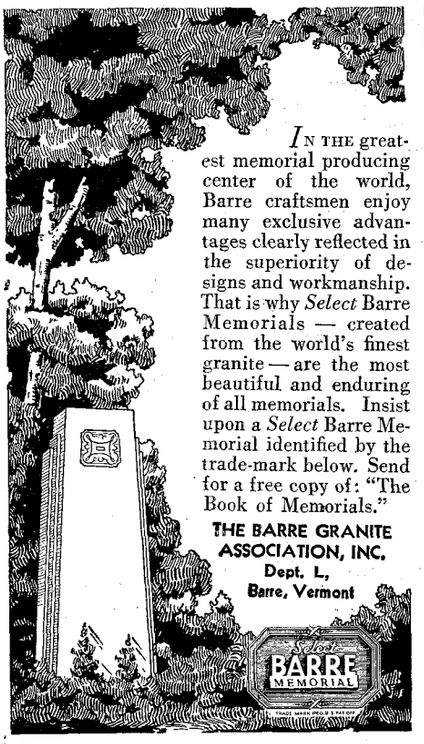

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.....

lacrosse sticks descends on his head or body. Picking a ball off the ground at the run is one of the most difficult feats in lacrosse.

One of the most amazing testimonies to the fascination of a sport as fast, as tiring, and as dangerous as lacrosse is the increasing interest of women in the game. Women have been playing lacrosse in England for more than thirty years. From them American women have learned the game and have made it a definite rival of field-hockey in this country.

Naturally, changes have been made in the game to make it suitable for women to play.

The crosses are lighter, there are twelve on a team instead of ten, and only the goalie wears pads of any sort. Not even helmets are worn by women players.

The principal difference between the two is the absence in the women's game of bodily contact.

In men's lacrosse body checking is permitted unless the checker strikes from behind, uses his stick, throws himself through the air, or clips an opponent below the knees.

Danger Reduced—Because of this restriction against body checking, women's lacrosse is far less dangerous than men's. Accordingly, emphasis is placed on skilful stickwork and clever running.

Youthful players in England often spend two years in learning to handle a lacrosse stick before they are permitted to play in an actual game.

Because they have played the game longer and can practise more months during the year, English women players have developed far greater skill in lacrosse than have American women. In England there are nearly 400 lacrosse clubs. In America there are only five.

Six years ago American women's lacrosse made its first forward step with the organization by Mrs. Joyce Cran Barry of the United States Women's Lacrosse Association.

Interest in the sport gradually spread among colleges and girls' schools, and in 1934 a party of English players came to this country to play the All-American team and to coach in the newly-organized lacrosse clubs.

Matches Abroad—Last summer a party of eleven American women went to England and Ireland for matches and instruction in the sport.

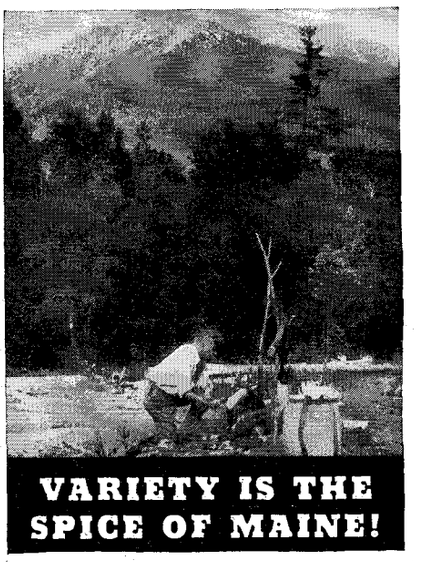
They joined almost 100 players at the Lacrosse Holiday Camp, where for a week they played and were coached by British experts.

For the past seven weeks eight of England's best women lacrosse players have been coaching and giving exhibitions at schools in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, New York City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston,

Over Easter they attended a lacrosse camp in Baltimore conducted by the Misses Marian Briggs and Ann Pugh along lines similar to the British school.

Despite the fact that it is less dangerous than men's lacrosse, the women's game still involves fast-moving and swinging wood. While its social aspects are more important than in the men's version, women have, according to Frank G. Menke, "done nothing at all to gentle the combat."

"They play the game," he writes, "with vim, vigor, and verve and never call for stretchers, broken-bone splints or arnica until the last whistle blows and nothing further need be done for Alma Mater."



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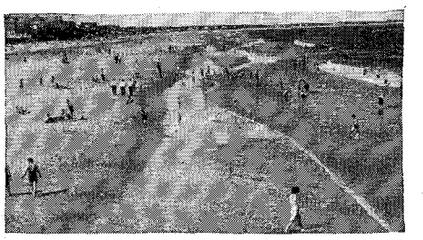

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SPORT SHOTS

Racing on Dynamite—If you own an ailing race-horse that doesn't run fast enough, try feeding it dynamite. A Quebec horse-trainer obtained highly successful results with the diet.

When the Canadian's wife had a government official investigate the dangerous experiment, writes Murray Tynan in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the trainer explained that the mixture of oats and pulverized dynamite not only cured his horse's asthma but made it trot much faster.

* * *

A New Johnson—Twenty-nine years ago Spencer Abbott, Manager of the Topeka Club in the Western Association, passed up the chance to sign a young Idaho semi-professional baseball player. Before ending his career in 1927 the player, Walter Johnson, became one of the greatest pitchers in major league history.

Abbott, now Manager of Des Moines in the Western League, has no idea of missing another opportunity like that. Last week he signed on contract Johnson's son, Walter, Jr., also a right-hand pitcher.

* * *

Golf Off the Cuff—Golfers have played shots from hundreds of freak positions. But few have equaled the feat of a tournament finalist at Pinehurst in 1917 who chipped his ball into a spectator's trouser-cuff.

The referee ruled that the ball must be played from there, writes J. Eckert Goodman, Jr., in *Sports Illustrated*. The player agreed, but the spectator demurred at the prospect of having a divot taken out of his leg.

To settle the argument the spectator removed his trousers and held them at the original position. The player neatly lofted the ball to the green with a mashie-niblick and won the hole amid cheers.

* * *

Turbaned Champion—Even the most naïve spectators sometimes suspect that professional wrestling is not always a strictly *bona-fide* proposition. The ever-recurrent mystery as to who is world's champion does not allay their suspicions. Sometimes as many as six heavyweights claim the title simultaneously.

Three weeks ago a wedge-shaped, handlebar-mustachioed wrestler born Arteen Ekizian, rechristened Ali Baba, threw Dick Shikat, recognized as world's champion by the New York State Athletic Commission. But officials said the match, held in Detroit, was merely an exhibition and that Shikat was still champion.

All wrestling matches in New York State are billed as exhibitions. In a return exhibition in New York City last week, Ali Baba doffed his red turban, scuffed his bare feet and eventually defeated Shikat. He was promptly pronounced the new "world's champion."

* * *

Technology Affects Dogs—Stories of St. Bernard dogs rescuing travelers lost in the Alpine snows are as familiar as nursery rimes. But with increased communication facilities in the Alps, the huge animals have lost most of their usefulness.

To solve their dogs' problem of technological unemployment, monks at the famous Hospice have established a branch monastery in the Himalaya Mountains of Tibet and soon will resume their rescue duties there.

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Finance and Industry

FRENCH POST-ELECTION GOLD FLIGHT

Leftist Threat of Heavy Taxes, Bank Nationalization, Seen

In the subterranean fortress of the Bank of France in Paris lies some $4,000,000,000 worth of gold bars, roughly one-fifth of the world's monetary stock. Among nations, only America's pile of $10,248,000,000 towers above the French hoard.

Neither gangs of gunmen nor invading troops could strike quickly at the French metal. It lies 200 yards north of the Louvre and eighty feet below street level, in steel-sheathed vaults encased in solid rock. Huge steel doors swing shut in entrance-ways at the first signal of alarm.

In time of stress, the underground fortress, extending over two and one-half acres, could sustain a sizable portion of the Bank's force of 2,000.

Food supplies sufficient for a two-months' siege are on hand, and Diesel engines generate electricity for lighting, air conditioning, cooking.

But again France faces a gold crisis, the third acute one in fourteen months. The glistening gold bars have been flowing out of the vaults recently, some withdrawn by French nationals for hoarding and some consigned abroad to bolster the franc.

Monetary Battle—For France clings to the orthodox gold standard, and to do so she must exchange gold for currency on demand and allow the metal to flow abroad when flights of capital and attacks on the franc take place. The alternative is devaluation or an embargo on gold.

In the report for the week ended May 1, the Bank of France revealed a gold loss of more than $77,000,000, bringing the total drain since March 20 up to approximately $327,000,000.

Added to this is a $200,000,000 loan which France made in London in February, long since exhausted, and repayable in gold within the next few months, and an accelerated gold outflow last week. Airplanes took the metal to London and other Continental capitals, steamships brought it to New York.

The flight from the franc sprang immediately from the recent French elections, which will sweep into power when Parliament convenes June 1, the Leftist elements in French politics—Socialists, Radical Socialists, and Communists.

Long dissatisfied with French economic conditions, leaders in this Popular Front have cried out for heavy taxes on the rich and nationalization of the Bank of France. None, however, has advocated devaluation of the franc or an embargo on gold shipments.

Until June 1 the present Cabinet, headed by Premier Albert Sarraut, continues its rule. These ministers conferred last week with incoming Popular Front leaders. Out of these meetings came reassuring statements and a raising of the rediscount rate by the Bank of France.

"As long as I hold my post," declared Marcel Regnier, Finance Minister, "the Government will not take any special measures to prevent the export of gold. Neither can there be any question of organizing control of foreign exchanges because we have at our disposal sufficient reserves to view the future with serenity."

Leader's View—Popular Front leaders, Leon Blum and Vincent Auriol, backed up the Government and Socialist Albert Bedouoe enforced their views:

"We will never devaluate," he asserted. "It is a disastrous measure with only apparent profits and must be avoided at all costs."

In raising its rediscount rate from 5 to 6 per cent., the Bank of France followed the time-honored custom of central banks in meeting emergencies. Also it raised advances on gold bars from 5 to 9 per cent. and advances on securities from 6 to 8.

But thoroughly frightened Frenchmen paid small heed to these measures, which were designed to make it more attractive for capital to stay within the country and make it more expensive for speculators to borrow money for their attacks on the franc. Nor did they place confidence in the remarks of the political leaders.

Stock issues on the Bourse joined with

Acme

People stream into the Bank of France . . . and gold streams out

CLEANED HIS CAR AND STRAINED SIDE

BUT ABSORBINE JR. SOON STOPPED SHARP PAIN

THE safest job in the world would seem to be cleaning one's own car in the backyard on a Sunday morning.

Yet L. W. reports* that in wiping off the edge of the roof, he somehow twisted or strained a ligament in his side that hurt plenty.

Fortunately they had a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in the house and frequent massage with this grand old liniment soon stopped the pain.

Distressing little accidents happen in every family—bruises, cuts, strains, aches, sore muscles, sprains, Athlete's Foot. A bottle of Absorbine Jr. is a blessing at such times, because it's so dependable, so quick to relieve. And economical, because a little goes so far. All druggists'—$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

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Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

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the gold flow in illustrating the terrific flight from the franc.

In hectic trading such international issues as Royal Dutch and Kaffirs showed gains, while French internal issues nose-dived during most of last week's trading. Bank of France shares, in two days, fell from 6,910 francs—the franc equals about 6.6 American cents at par—to 5,700. Citroen automobile shares dropped from 413 to 390; General d'Electricite from 1,135 to 1,091. Armament issues, rails, steels, and shipyard securities followed them down, with heavy public trading in cash.

Beyond political unrest and unsettled European conditions, many observers blame France's troubles on her rigid stand against devaluation during the depression.

After a period of post-War inflation, France revalued the franc in 1928 at about one-fifth of its former gold value and there it remains. The fixed income groups and peasant classes took a terrific purchasing power cut during the spree.

The man in the French street and field knows little about monetary theory. But he has been told and he believes that strict adherence to the gold standard prevents inflation.

Encouraging Signs—Thus while many other nations have lowered the values of their currencies in an effort to stimulate recovery, France has followed the orthodox road. Internally she has experienced deflation which is only just beginning to show signs of having run its course.

The United States Department of Commerce reported improvement recently in the iron, steel, and automobile industries, along with a slow rise in the index of industrial production. It noted gains in employment and a gradual rise in agricultural prices.

Externally the depreciated currencies of other nations left the franc high and dry. An American would pay slightly more than six and one-half cents for a franc which, judged by its purchasing power in world markets, would not be worth more than five cents.

French exporters, therefore, suffer in world markets and tourist trade is stifled. Last year the surplus of commercial imports over exports reached 5,472,000,000 francs, a slight increase over the previous year.

In addition to its other troubles the French Treasury has been running deficits totaling more than $4,000,000,000 for the past five years, altho it maintains that the ordinary budget for 1936 is in balance. Public debt has increased.

But even with last week's gold drain the French hoard still totals some 60,000,000,000 francs.

Will she let it continue to flow abroad while other European nations rush their rearmament programs?

"Many persons who have been inclined to question the desirability of franc devaluation or abandonment of gold," commented the New York *Herald Tribune*, "have revised their ideas in the light of the present European situation.

"If the Italian campaign in Italy has proved anything, it has proved that there is only one thing that every one and any one will take for oil and munitions at all times. That is gold.

"So long as this is true; so long as France is faced with at least the possibility of war; and so long as she has an immense store of gold, it would seem to be sensible for her to conserve her gold resources."

FLEECING THE "WISE"

Wall Street Racketeers With "Nothing to Sell" Get Millions

Thousands of American business men came through the depression with considerably more than their hides, and one of the reasons was that they made it a rule not to let any stranger sell them any stocks. They were wise men.

But suppose one of these wise men is sitting in his office in, say Akron, Ohio, in May, 1936, feeling pretty good about the upturn in car-loadings. His secretary brings him a card representing the sender as the authorized agent of a Wall Street banking house. Both the name of the bankers and that of their representative

Wide World

Ambrose McCall, Assistant Attorney General of New York . . . has his own rogues' gallery

have a familiar and highly respectable ring. The wise man is instinctively suspicious; still, he'll give the man five minutes. But he'd better not be trying to sell anything!

The agent, a quiet, impressive, well-dressed man with graying hair, is not trying to sell anything. He is there, he explains, to *buy* the 200 shares of Triple-X Steel the other owns. He is speaking for a group that is seeking to buy up control of Triple-X and merge it with another firm. Of course, his principals could do this in the open market, but that would give the game away, perhaps block their plans. So they are willing to pay five points above the market price.

Cautious Attitude—The listener is definitely suspicious. It sounds too good. He supposes that the agent will ask for the stock certificates on the spot, offering to pay with a "phony" check or counterfeit currency. Well, he won't get far, respectable name or no.

But the agent proposes no such thing. Instead, he hastens to say that he is only a field man, that he is not authorized to close the deal, and that if the owner of the shares is interested, the thing for him to do is indorse the certificates for transfer and mail them to Wall Street; the firm will send him a certified check. "Of course," he smiles, "you will take the precaution of registering the letter."

"Precaution?" A magic word! Why here was a man who, far from selling, was buying; and he wouldn't accept any money himself; the Wall Street address could be easily verified, and if it checked. . . ."

Of course it checks; mailing addresses in the New York financial district cost only $2 a month. So the wise man, feeling much wiser than usual for having been so "cagy" about it, indorses his certificates, mails them, receives a receipt from the verified address—and spends the rest of his life waiting for his check.

This particular "skin game" has been a favorite among the larger crooked operators the last few months, according to the New York *Daily Investment News*.

There are various "trade" names for it, but to *Uncle Sam* it is plain grand larceny, with use of the mails to defraud thrown in.

Listing Simple—The operators get names from corrupt employees or ex-employees of banking and brokerage firms, or from "sucker lists."

To appear on a "sucker list" is no disgrace, nor does it mean that those who do really are suckers. Such lists are compiled from a variety of thoroughly respectable and legitimate sources, such as routine files of stockholders, telephone directories, and newspapers.

Even the rosters of clubs or college graduating classes are sometimes used. City directories, printed matter bearing the names of club-women, lists and holders of automobile drivers' licenses, all are available for a small sum. Tabulations of donors to charities or innocent reports of golf matches in the sports sections may serve a useful purpose. The point is that once a person's name falls into the hands of a fake promoter, he becomes a potential sucker.

It is next to impossible to prosecute such cases successfully, because the real principals never appear, and the field men, if caught at all, can truthfully testify that they took no money, used no mails to defraud, were themselves the victims of employers they did not suspect were crooked.

Meanwhile the promoters are following the newspapers not only for names, but for news out of which they can weave new schemes to mulct the public.

Assistant Attorney General Ambrose McCall, in charge of the New York State Securities Bureau for New York City, cites as examples of news stories that lent plausibility to frauds, government fixing of the price of gold, similar Treasury action on silver, and lastly the Italo-Ethiopian war.

Promoters' Opportunities—After the gold ruling, promoters went in heavily on gold-mine stuff. The silver ruling was followed by a plunge in that metal.

Then, when Mussolini sent his blackshirts into the malarial hills of Haile Selassie's dusky empire, a promoter thought up a frog-farm down South to grow frog-legs for fighting fascists. When shares were offered, suckers outjumped the mythical frogs.

Soon an even bigger war hook-up was flourishing, for when Britain first pressed for oil sanctions against Rome a shrewd racketeer organized a plan to smuggle petroleum into Italy, and displayed letters to show that Il Duce was willing to pay $16 a barrel, ten times the regular price, for all he could get in that way.

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It looked gilt-edge, but McCall's office stopped it, as all the others had been stopped as soon as they were discovered, by a few judicious warnings, some arrests, and a good deal of publicity.

One efficacious instrument for breaking up all such frauds is the rogues' gallery maintained by the Securities Bureau in New York City. Here the photographs of hundreds of fake promoters, stock jobbers, and fly-by-nights smile unctuously down at the victims they have fleeced. Oftener than not, the duped are able to recognize the man or men who swindled them.

But, even after they have been posted in the rogues' gallery and identified over and over, the swindlers, their wits sharpened by years of lean pickings and trained in an altogether new technique, are not easy to bring to book.

Mr. McCall estimates that fake stock and bond rackets in 1935 took at least $25,000,000 from an unsuspecting public. Many believe that the new Federal Securities and Exchange Commission has put an end to such things, but he warns the trusting that, altho the SEC has in fact established certain safeguards for the investor, it is powerless to cope with the out-and-out thievery which most stock frauds are to-day.

AUTOMOBILE BOOM Extra

General Motors Dividend Voted, Other Companies Gain

When directors of the General Motors Corporation met in New York last week they followed up the previous week's cheering report of the best first-quarter earnings since 1929 with an even more cheering dividend announcement.

Without waiting to learn what earnings were indicated for the rest of the year before considering payment of extra or special dividends to stockholders, a customary procedure for the past three years, they ordered the distribution of an extra seventy-five cents a share, in addition to the regular quarterly disbursement of fifty cents a share on common stock.

Holders of the corporation's 43,500,000 common shares will receive as a result of this declaration approximately $54,400,000, or about forty cents apiece for every man, woman, and child in the country.

During the previous week, President Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., announced that the corporation's earnings for the first quarter amounted to $52,464,174, or $1.17 a share on common stock, as compared with $31,510,371, or sixty-eight cents a share on common stock in the corresponding period of 1935, the best first quarter since 1929 and only 15 per cent. under the earnings for the latter period.

General Motors' increased earnings during the first quarter are only one bright spot on the brilliant record of the entire industry so far this year. The *Automotive Daily News* of Detroit reports that earnings of thirty automotive manufacturers in the first three months of 1936 aggregated $75,855,000, an increase of 53 per cent. over the $49,558,000 in the first three months in 1936.

Companies' Contributions — Individually, General Motors, Chrysler, and Packard contributed the larger part of the increase. Parts and accessory manufacturers generally showed decreases.

Chrysler, with sales for the period generally 12 per cent. ahead of 1935 and substantial increases in its export business, earned $11,453,439, or $2.65 a share on its 4,332,326 common shares, as compared with $9,163,182, or $2.12 a share in the first quarter of 1935.

Packard, which reported a loss of $1,210,162 in the first quarter of last year, showed earnings of $1,248,029 in the first quarter of this.

On the 15,000,000 shares of stock outstanding, this was equal to about eight cents a share.

Twenty-four automobile parts and accessory manufacturers reported net income of $9,827,000 in the first three months, as compared with $10,741,000 a year ago, a decrease of 8.5 per cent.

The automotive industry is now approaching the final part of an experiment begun with the fall shows last November. In previous years, new models were introduced to the buying public at shows held during the late winter.

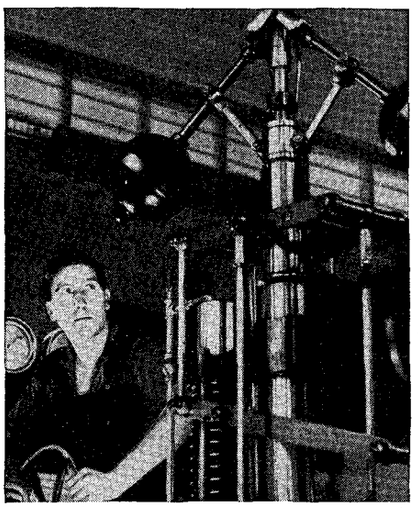
Beginning with the 1936 models, however, the new cars were introduced in November of 1935 in an effort to stabilize employment in the industry and spread it over the entire year.

Production Sped—The effect of this change was to start the motor-car manufacturing year two months earlier. The hope was that buying of new models in November and December would tend to curtail the normal spring increase in manufacturing. According to Mr. Sloan, that has not occurred.

For the first three months, production of cars and trucks in the country totaled 1,127,331 units, a few thousand larger than for the first three months of last year. Production for the second quarter is expected to amount to upward of 1,350,000 units.

With the heavy selling season now in full swing and with about four months remaining for production before plant shut-downs to change manufacturing equipment for the 1937 models, it is estimated by the *Wall Street Journal* that total production for the full year 1926 will be about 4,500,000 units, as compared with 4,182,430 units produced in 1935.

This would be the largest output since the 1929 high record of 5,621,000 and would be in line with the average annual output of 4,365,000 units from 1923 to 1929.



Wide World

Wheels are spinning in the auto industry

CHRISTY Sport model
THE POCKET KNIFE EVERYONE NEEDS

Opens and closes easily with one hand.

No broken thumb nails.

The neatest, cleverest, handiest knife ever designed.

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You've Never Seen Such An Appealing POCKET KNIFE

The Christy Knife is entirely new in design. It looks different and *is* different! Solid brass, open style frame, heavily chromium plated. Small grooves cut into the inner sides of the frame furnish runways for the blade to move freely in and out of the frame. The bottom of the blade is held between two plates containing the mechanism which locks the blade at any of three lengths. This type of construction prevents clogging of the working parts and assures efficient operation indefinitely.

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Just return the coupon below or write us a card and we'll send you a Christy Sport Model Pocket Knife by return mail postpaid. Examine the knife carefully. Note its fine appearance, fully chromium plated frame, fine quality razor-steel blade, also chromium plated to retain its high lustre indefinitely. Work it and see how easy it is to operate—show it around to your friends. Then if you can part with it, just return it without any further obligation. Otherwise send us only $1.00 within 7 days. This offer is not restricted to men. Women also find the Christy Knife just the thing for the sewing-basket, cutting flowers in the garden, a novel bridge prize and many other uses. Therefore we invite every reader of the Digest—men, women and young people—to accept our offer to examine this new knife entirely at our risk. Only in this way can we prove our claim that the Christy Sport Model is truly "The pocket knife EVERYONE needs"! Send your coupon today for this unusual knife.

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Frame and razor-steel blade chromium plated
ONLY $1.00
Sent FREE on approval Anywhere in U.S.A.

The Christy Co., Fremont, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your Christy Sport Model Pocket Knife. If, after examining it, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return it without any obligation. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within 7 days.

*If you wish to send $1.00 with order, we'll include a Christy Razor with 3 blades FREE. Your money will be refunded in full, at once, if you are not satisfied in every way. (If you live in Ohio, send $1.03, which includes 3c for sales tax.)

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The Open Forum

(Continued from page 1)

Marion Davies are . . . Catholic." Just what did the three dots infer?

The following are well-known Catholic stars: George O'Brien, Una O'Connor, Gene Raymond, Marguerite Churchill, Pat O'Brien, Loretta Young, Sally Blane, and the director, William Howard Hughes.

There are many others, but we feel that these names might have been included in the article.

Mae West is not a Catholic, altho she frequently visits the Catholic Church.

MRS. JAMES LOORAM,
New York. National Legion of Decency List.

[The three dots indicated that a portion of the article copied was omitted. THE LITERARY DIGEST regrets if the omission was the cause of any offense.—*Editor.*]

Overproduction

Sir:—Forcefully, vividly and succinctly John Poda, outstandingly able editor of *Literature*, expresses the sentiments and feelings of serious-minded right-thinking people so far as that forgotten fact, underproduction, is concerned, in your most interesting and worthy "The Open Forum."

There are millions of us, political preachment notwithstanding, saying with John: "Overproduction? Where is it?" and knowing with John that, despite the effusions of multifarious prophets and soothsayers of our day, hunger and overproduction are not man and wife.

Millions of American families, living upon a euphemistically disguised dole, would be grateful for the food produced through the raising of the Government's restriction, without stopping to ask whether it came to them directly from the Government, or through their local merchant and paid for with Government dole.

Tigard, Oregon. IRL MORSE.

Frontiers Down

Sir:—John G. Winant, Chairman of the Social Security Board, says:

"It took many years for this young and vigorous country of ours to realize that its frontiers would finally disappear. That a time would come when individual initiative and enterprise would not automatically result in a secured economic existence, that millions of our fellow citizens would come to economic grief through no fault of their own, and that we as a Government, if we were to survive, must provide these individuals with something more than occasional charity or emergency relief."

Mr. Winant is not a Roosevelt Democrat, nor a La Follette-Norris-Nye Republican. He is not a Socialist nor a Communist. He might properly be called an old-fashioned Republican, inasmuch as he has served as Governor of a rock-ribbed Republican State—a State always noted for its conservatism and adherence to the fundamentals—and has been a consistent supporter of the Republican Party all through his voting years.

The party doesn't matter, and the fortune of the individual office-holder doesn't matter. It does tremendously matter whether or not we are keeping step with the needs and demands of progressing civilization and are awake to the problems modern complexities throw on us. It is most refreshing to know that all schools of political thought are realizing these responsibilities. GEORGE L. PAYNE.

Dallas, Texas.

PUTTING ON THE SQUEEZE
—Summers in the Cleveland News

Error

Sir:—In your issue of April 18, page 21, you recount some attainments of Prof. Colin G. Fink, among which you give him credit for the discovery of tungsten.

This can not be a claim of Doctor Fink, as tungsten was a discovery of about 160 years' standing.

It was first isolated as a metallic element by the brothers d'Elhujart in 1783 after the isolation of the oxid (tungstic acid) by Scheele in 1771. Its technical name is Wolframium, as it was first produced from Wolfram, a tungstate of iron and manganese. Tungsten is derived from the Swedish, meaning heavy stone. Scheelite, another main source of tungsten, is a calcium tungstate and was named after Scheele.

Professor Fink may have had something to do with the perfection of the tungsten filament used in electric lamp-bulbs.

Portland, Oregon. WILLIAM H. HAMPTON.

[It is not his claim. Tungsten was discovered as Mr. Hampton states. Professor Fink, however, made *ductile* tungsten work. The adjective was inadvertently omitted from the story.—*Editor.*]

Pagans

Sir:—I am glad you printed the answer of Who-Shon-No (Jane Zane Gordon) to the Rev. F. B. Hodwen. It would not hurt anybody if all people would be so considerate in religious matters as the Indian people are. As a matter of fact, the most cruel wars were fought in the spirit of religious intolerance and arrogance.

As for the word "pagan," Who-Shon-No should not be worried about the contents of some dictionaries, or medieval concepts of words. "Pagans" meant originally the people living in the country (close to nature); and those people were the last ones to accept Christianity in Greece.

"Pagan" meant finally the same as: non-Christian. Practically the same held for "gems" (gentiles) in Rome and for "heathen" in the Teutonic world. A. THURNHER.

San Marino, California.

Socialist Party

Sir:—In a recent issue you comment on "May Day Crisis, Schism in the Socialist Party."

The orderly and impressive May Day demonstrations in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere—in some cities the largest on record—have since then written their own interpretation and amplification of what you said. The basis for joint action in these parades was devotion to labor's cause not to "the dictatorship of the proletariat."

Contrary to your statement, the 1934 Declaration of Principles of the Socialist Party nowhere, directly or by fair inference, declares for "the dictatorship of the proletariat." All that it declares for is aggressive opposition to a threatening Fascist dictatorship in the event of the complete breakdown of our present mechanical and rather hypocritical democracy.

We want Socialists and workers generally to be organized so that they will not yield to a future American Hitler as did their comrades in Germany. Meanwhile we expressly declared our intention to use the orderly means of progress still afforded in the United States. Even in a Fascist crisis most Socialists would deny that they favored a dictatorship of the proletariat, certainly in the form of the dictatorship of one Party which is the Communist interpretation of such dictatorship.

Socialists generally prefer a workers' democracy in a transitional period. Many of our Old Guard friends, some of whom in practise are scarcely as radical as Left-Wing Democrats, and nowadays want an excuse for voting for Roosevelt, out of fear or out of partizan politics, have twisted the Declaration of Principles to make it say what it does not say and what it was not meant to say.

This is a matter of such importance that I am sure you will give space to this answer.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York.

[The assertion of THE LITERARY DIGEST that the left wing of the Socialist Party jammed through the 1934 convention a "Declaration of Principles" favoring the dictatorship of the proletariat was based on the following excerpt from a dispatch to the New York *Times*, June 3, 1934, by Joseph Shaplen:

"Included in the declaration of principles was a denunciation of 'the bogus democracy of capitalist parliamentarism,' acceptance of the dictatorship of the proletariat under the new term of 'Worker's Democracy,' a pledge to 'mass resistance' to war under all circumstances, approval of the general strike as a weapon against war, and a similar pledge to give loyal support in time of war to those who engage in antiwar activities or refuse to perform military service."—*Editor.*]

Capital Punishment

Sir:—A writer in a recent issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST says, "A society that can devise no better way to deal with those who kill (often on blind and regretted impulse) than deliberately to kill them is not well civilized."

But if there had never been a law made and enforced to kill murderers, we'd hardly be civilized at all; and unless we enforce our laws against murderers more speedily and surely, we'll probably not be civilized much longer. Mob-law and feudism will take the place of the good laws we have.

The wilful, deliberate, premeditating murderer must be made to take his own medicine.

In Num. 35:16, 17, 18, it is emphasized three times: "The murderer shall surely be put to death." And there are plenty of other Scriptures to support these.

Civilization has never found "a better way" to protect itself from "those who kill" maliciously, than to do away with them.

J. E. L. WINECOFF.

Florence, South Carolina.

Sir:—Regarding R. O. Caggeshall's letter in

THE TAX PROGRAM
—Gropper in the New York Daily Worker

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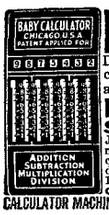

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a recent issue, may I make a correction about God's law: "An eye for an eye"—concerning "legal infants"?

If he will read the passage of Matthew 6:38-42 he will see that the Bible quotes thus: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." ANA HARRIS.
Long Beach, California.

Sir:—In regard to capital punishment, may I quote from Genesis: 4:15. "And the Lord said unto him. Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

How can any one approve of capital punishment and still believe in the Bible?
Albia, Iowa. F. J. KARPAN.

Supreme Court

Sir:—Maybe folks wouldn't be so hot and bothered about divided opinions in the Supreme Court if they would stop to reflect that perhaps none of the laws declared unconstitutional by the Court were enacted unanimously in the first place. WILL A. REYNOLDS.
Los Angeles.

Sir:—There is much being said about the Supreme Court and its decisions. There seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to the power of Congress and the power of our courts. If I am rightly informed, this is the only country in the world in which the courts can annul any act of a lawmaking body.

I have thought for many years that no law should be placed on our statute books until the Supreme Court declared it constitutional; that would save three-fourths of the court costs of our country. Also, it would eliminate so many of the uncertainties under which we are struggling to-day. Business and the general public would know what to expect.
Los Angeles. D. A. BIDDLE.

Thank You

Sir:—I think the set-up and type in the May 2d issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST is much more interesting and pleasing to the eye than the former layout. HOWARD NELSON.
New York.

"Pressure"

Sir:—I guess you're still wrong about an elementary point in physics; see page 43 of THE LITERARY DIGEST for May 2, under "Pressure and Altitude."

At a constant temperature the pressure *inside* an air-tight container remains constant with changes in altitude (assuming a rigid container), but the *difference* between inside and outside pressure increases as the outside pressure decreases. WARREN R. GOOD.
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Postscript: Of course, I'll admit that this difference is what is ordinarily thought of as "pressure." W.R.G.

[Mr. Good is correct. His own P. S. explains the meaning of the word used.—*Editor.*]

Princess Loewenstein

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of May 2 you have an article on Princess Helga Loewenstein. You state that before the War she had covered Europe and had made one trip to India.

Being from Missouri, this sounds rather funny to me, as the Princess is only twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, and the War started twenty-two years ago.

There are many statements in your article that seem to be not only false but also poor propaganda.

Sorry to see that you are misusing the liberty of the press. W. C. HOPPE.
Elgin, Illinois.

[Princess Helga Maria Loewenstein was a mere child when she started on her travels. She, herself, vouches for all statements which THE LITERARY DIGEST printed about her.—*Editor.*]

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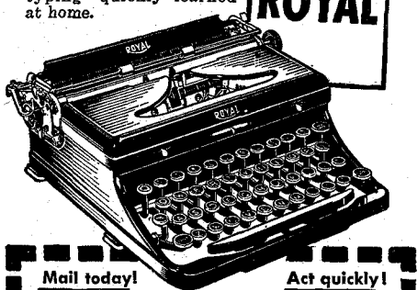

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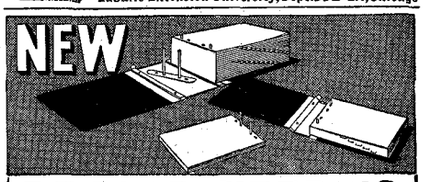

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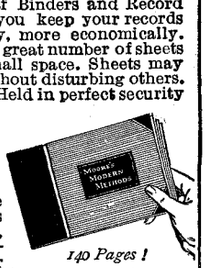

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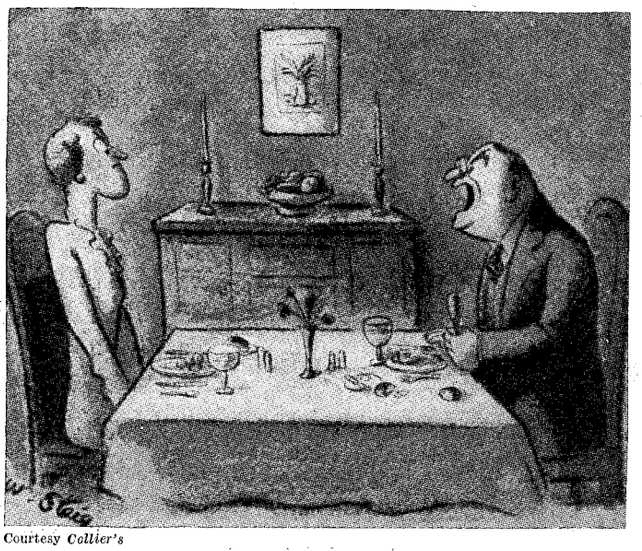
Pretty Fix.—WOMAN DRIVER—"Can you fix this fender so my husband will never know I bent it?"

GARAGE MECHANIC—"No, but I can fix it so that you can ask him in a few days how he bent it."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Beauty.—In the elevator of a big store she noticed a very attractive poster advertising beauty treatment. Out of curiosity she asked the elevator attendant (a funny little Cockney) where the beauty parlor was.

He turned and gave her a good look, noticed presumably that she did not use make-up at all, and then said, "You don't want ter go there mucking your face about. Why not stay as y'are—plain but 'olesome?"—*Troy Times-Record.*



Courtesy *Collier's*

"YEAH! AND TELL EMILY POST I SAID SO!"

—William Steig in Collier's

The Usual Fee.—FIRST DOCTOR—"Then we decide not to operate?"

SECOND DOCTOR—"Yes. What do you think we ought to charge him for deciding not to operate?"—*Montreal Star.*

Beg Pardon?—OPTICIAN—"How many lines can you read on that chart?"

PATIENT—"What chart?"—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

Oversight.—FOREMAN—"And what are you two fellows doing?"

BOONDOGGLER—"We're carrying these boards over to that lumber pile."

FOREMAN—"But where are the boards?"

BOONDOGGLER—"For gosh sakes, Sam, we've forgot the boards."—*Pathfinder.*

Wise Guy.—Our weekly nut story has to do with the screwball who was sitting in his cell, playing solitaire. Another nut was watching. Finally the kibitzer spoke up.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "I just caught you cheating yourself!"

The first nut placed a finger to his lips.

"Shh," he whispered. "Don't tell anybody—but, for years, I've been cheating myself at solitaire."

"You don't say," said his amazed pal. "Don't you ever catch yourself cheating?"

The first nut shook his head.

"Naw," he returned proudly. "I'm too clever!"—*Mark Hellinger in The New York American.*

Tall Tales.—

Oh, once I saw a sophomore
Who was reverent and devout;
And once I saw a linen store
That wasn't Selling Out.
—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

Everyone Out of Step, etc.—A ticket inspector entered a train at Chomutov, in Bohemia. He examined several tickets, and told each of the holders that he was in the wrong train. They must, he said, change at once. As his progress along the carriage continued, he found still more passengers who had made a mistake about the train. Then one of them had a bright idea, and asked the ticket-inspector whether *he* was not in the wrong train. He was!—*The Pullman News.*

Smash Finish.—And here, my fellows, is as ample a final paragraph as you're likely to meet in a letter—*ever.*

"Wishing you these Blessings, that as I AM, so might you be, this leaves ME Well, Healthy, Joyful, Peaceful, Lively, Loving, Successful, Prosperous and Happy in Spirit, Body and Mind and in every organ, muscle, sinew, vein and bone and even in every atom, fibre and cell of MY Bodily Form.

Respectfully & Sincere, I am
REV. M. J. DIVINE."
—*From High Hat in Judge.*

Happy Day.—MAID—"Madam, master is lying unconscious in the hall with a piece of paper in his hand and a large box by his side."

MRS. GREEN (joyously)—"Oh, my new hat has arrived?"—*Vancouver Province.*

Grammar.—Speaking of grammatical errors, or, to satisfy the purists, errors in grammar, Lord Merley once said: "Neither you nor I am entirely ourselves."

His solecism was picked up by *Punch,* which inquired: "Then who else am we?"—*Troy Times-Record.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Ten miles are to be added to the new tubway in Moscow, Russia.—*Columbia (S. C.) paper.*

Ten *long* miles on that itsy bitsy tubway?

Mallon unloosed a pig which hit Bucci, the initial clubber, but the player remained at first.—*White Plains (N. Y.) paper.*

Takes a lot to get him going, doesn't it?

A nation-wide survey, possibly with the cooperation of labor organizations, to determine how any jobs are available in private industry, was ordered to-night by the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) paper.*

Bunch of alarmists!

For Sale—Five or 10 grave choice lots in Lynnhurst Cemetery, opposite chapel. Full set meat fixtures, electric refrigerated.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) paper.*

But are they modern?

Harold . . . has an unusual voice outlined with long black eyelashes of wide range for such a little tot.—*Parkersburg (W. Va.) paper.*

Boy soprano, with fringe.

The weather—Rain Monday night; generally air and warmer Tuesday.—*Columbus (Ohio) paper.*

Be sure not to make any rash promises, now.

Reported Trooper C. E. Stewart, than men." d'5actoCy- V shr- shrrr that "women are more nervous than men."—*Parkersburg (W. Va.) paper.*

Chin up, trooper, and stop rattling your teeth.

Snakes have paws with elastic hinges.—*Jackson (Mich.) paper.*

Aw, g'wan.

Wanted—Pew seats to accommodate $200.—*Baltimore paper.*

That's getting right to the point.

For Rent—$18-$25—OVERSTUFFED Bath; clean; attractive. Walking distance.—*Pasadena (Cal.) paper.*

It's nice to have it so handy, even if it is a little crowded.

Ladies' Aid Notice—Funeral services will meet Friday evening in the church. Entertained by Mrs. R———— N————.
—*Cambridge (Md.) paper.*

That's the trouble with you girls. You're so hard to entertain.

In the meantime the T————s had been remarried and had two children, a boy and a boy. Their first child, a girl, was born on April 22, 1924. Their third child, another girl, was born nine years ago.—*New York paper.*

One—two—three—Gosh, where's junior?

Shortly after the pin was swallowed B——'s voice became husky and remained so. At times he could not talk above a whisper. To-day he was seized with a fit of coughing. He took a teaspoon of antiseptic—it went "down the wrong way," but up came the pin.

It had been lodged in the wall of the throat. B——— expects his voice to return to England.—*Fort Peck (Montana) paper.*

Just a short call to brush up on the old accent, eh?

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